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282



To dearest Ellen from  
her loving cousin Charley  
as a trifling remembrance  
for her many kindnesses  
& affectionate attention  
while at Brighton

- 1859 -  
—





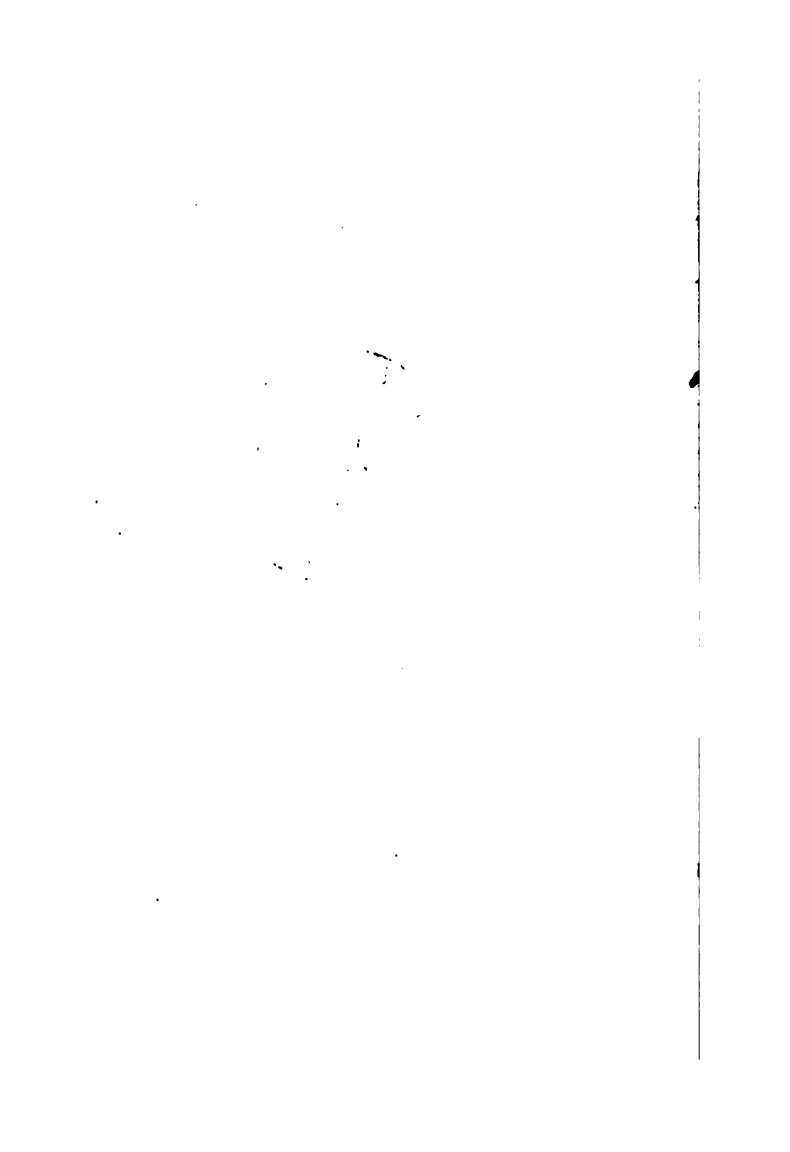


*Front.*

**Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,  
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps.—P. 10.**







THE  
PLEASURES OF HOPE,

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING,

*And Other Poems,*

By THOMAS CAMPBELL.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

COLLINS' & GRAY'S POETICAL WORKS

SEVENTH THOUSAND.

LONDON:  
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MDCCLIV.



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**THE**  
**PLEASURES OF HOPE.**

**PART FIRST.**

## ANALYSIS OF PART I.

THE Poem opens with a comparison between the beauty of remote objects in a landscape, and those ideal scenes of felicity which the imagination delights to contemplate.—The influence of anticipation upon the other passions is next delineated. An allusion is made to the well known fiction in Pagan tradition, that, when all the guardian deities of mankind abandoned the world, Hope alone was left behind.—The consolations of this passion in situations of danger and distress.—The seaman on his midnight watch.—The soldier marching into battle.—Allusion to the interesting adventures of Byron.

The inspiration of Hope, as it actuates the efforts of genius, whether in the department of science, or of taste.—Domestic felicity, how intimately connected with views of future happiness.—Picture of a mother watching her infant when asleep.—Pictures of the prisoner, the maniac, and the wanderer.

From the consolations of individual misery, a transition is made to prospects of political improvement in the future state of society.—The wide field that is yet open for the progress of humanizing arts among uncivilized nations.—From these views of amelioration of society, and the extension of liberty and truth over despotic and barbarous countries, by a melancholy contrast of ideas we are led to reflect upon the hard fate of a brave people recently conspicuous in their struggles for independence.—Description of the capture of Warsaw, of the last contest of the oppressors and the oppressed, and the massacre of the Polish Patriots at the bridge of Prague.—Apostrophe to the self-interested enemies of human improvement.—The wrongs of Africa.—The barbarous policy of Europeans in India.—Prophecy in the Hindoo mythology of the expected descent of the Deity, to redress the miseries of their race, and to take vengeance on the violators of justice and mercy.

## THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

### PART I.

At summer eve, when Heav'n's aerial bow  
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,  
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,  
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?  
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear  
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—  
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,  
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Thus, with delight, we linger to survey  
The promis'd joys of life's unmeasur'd way;  
Thus, from afar, each dim-discover'd scene  
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been;  
And every form, that Fancy can repair  
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptur'd eye  
To pierce the shades of dim fatuity?  
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heav'nly power,  
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?  
Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man—  
Her dim horizon bounded to a span;  
Or, if she hold an image to the view,  
'Tis Nature pictur'd too severely true.

With thee, sweet Hope! resides the heav'nly  
light,  
That pours remotest rapture on the sight:  
Thine is the charm of life's bewilder'd way,  
That calls each slumb'ring passion into play:



Wak'd by thy touch, I see the sister band,  
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,  
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,  
To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career.

Primeval Hope, the Aonian Muses say,  
When Man and Nature mourn'd their first  
decay;

When every form of death, and every woe,  
Shot from malignant stars to earth below;  
When Murder bar'd his arm, and rampant War  
Yok'd the red dragons of her iron car;  
When Peace and Mercy, banish'd from the plain,  
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heav'n again;  
All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,  
But Hope, the charmer, linger'd still behind.

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare,  
From Carmel's height, to sweep the fields of air,  
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,  
Dropp'd on the world—a sacred gift to man.

Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet garden grow  
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe:  
Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,  
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;  
There, as the wild-bee murmurs on the wing,  
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits  
bring!

What viewless forms th' Æolian organ play,  
And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought  
away!

Angel of life! thy glittering wings explore  
Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest  
shore.

Lo! to the wintry winds the pilot yields  
His bark careering o'er unfathom'd fields;  
Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,  
Where Andes, giant of the western star,

With meteor standard to the winds unfurl'd,  
Looks, from his throne of clouds, o'er half the  
world.

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer  
smiles,  
On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles;  
Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,  
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow;  
And waft, across the waves' tumultuous roar,  
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.

Poor Child of danger, nursling of the storm,  
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!  
Rocks, waves, and winds, the shatter'd bark  
delay;  
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

But Hope can here her moonlight vigils keep,  
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep:  
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,  
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul:  
His native hills that rise in happier climes,  
The grot that heard his song of other times,  
His cottage-home, his bark of slender sail,  
His glassy lake, and broomwood blossom'd vale,  
Rush on his thought; he sweeps before the wind,  
Treads the lov'd shore he sigh'd to leave behind;  
Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,  
And flies at last to Helen's long embrace;  
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,  
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear!  
While, long neglected, but at length caress'd,  
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,  
Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)  
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

Friend of the brave! in peril's darkest hour,  
Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power;

To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,  
On stormy floods, and carnage-cover'd fields,  
When front to front the banner'd hosts combine,  
Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line.  
When all is still on Death's devoted soil,  
The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil;  
As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high  
The dauntless brow, and spirit-speaking eye,  
Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,  
And hears thy stormy music in the drum!

And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore  
The hardy Byron to his native shore.—<sup>1</sup>  
In horrid climes, where Chiloe's tempests sweep  
Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep,  
'Twas his to mourn misfortune's rudest shock,  
Scourg'd by the winds, and cradled on the rock,  
To wake each joyless morn, and search again  
The famish'd haunts of solitary men,  
Whose race, unyielding as their native storm,  
Knows not a trace of Nature but the form;  
Yet, at thy call, the hardy Tar pursued,  
Pale, but intrepid, sad, but unsubdued,  
Pierc'd the deep woods, and, hailing from afar,  
The moon's pale planet and the northern star;  
Paus'd at each dreary cry, unheard before,  
Hysnas in the wild, and mermaids on the shore;  
Till, led by thee o'er many a cliff sublime,  
He found a warmer world, a milder clime,  
A home to rest, a shelter to defend,  
Peace and repose, a Briton and a friend!<sup>2</sup>

Congenial Hope! thy passion-kindling power,  
How bright, how strong, in Youth's untroubled  
hour!  
On yon proud height, with Genius hand in hand,  
I see thee light, and wave thy golden wand.

"Go, child of Heaven! (thy winged words  
proclaim)

'Tis thine to search the boundless fields of fame!  
Lo! Newton, Priest of Nature, shines afar,  
Scans the wide world, and numbers ev'ry star!  
Wilt thou, with him, mysterious rites apply,  
And watch the shrine with wonder-beaming eye?  
Yes, thou shalt mark, with magic art profound,  
The speed of light, the circling march of sound;  
With Franklin grasp the lightning's fiery wing,  
Or yield the lyre of Heav'n another string.<sup>3</sup>

"The Swedish Sage<sup>4</sup> admires, in yonder bow'rs,  
His winged insects, and his rosy flow'rs;  
Calls from their woodland haunts the savage train  
With sounding horn, and counts them on the  
plain—

So once, at Heav'n's command, the wand'ers  
came  
To Eden's shade, and heard their various name.

"Far from the world, in yon sequester'd clime,  
Slow pass the sons of Wisdom, more sublime;  
Calm as the fields of Heav'n, his sapient eye  
The lov'd Athenian lifts to realms on high,  
Admiring Plato on his spotless page,  
Stamps the bright dictates of the Father sage:  
'Shall Nature bound to Earth's diurnal span  
The fire of God, th' immortal soul of man?'

"Turn, Child of Heav'n, thy rapture-lighten'd  
eye  
To Wisdom's walks, the sacred Nine are nigh:  
Hark! from bright spires that gild the Delphian  
height,  
From streams that wander in eternal light,  
Rang'd on their hill, Harmonia's daughters swell  
The mingling tones of horn, and harp, and shell;

Deep from his vaults, the Loxian murmurs flow,<sup>s</sup>  
And Pythia's awful organ peals below.

“Belov'd of Heav'n! the smiling Muse shall  
shed

Her moonlight halo on thy beauteous head;  
Shall swell thy heart to rapture unconfin'd,  
And breathe a holy madness o'er thy mind.  
I see thee roam her guardian pow'r beneath,  
And talk with spirits on the midnight heath;  
Inquire of guilty wand'ers whence they came,  
And ask each blood-stain'd form his earthly  
name;

Then weave in rapid verse the deeds they tell,  
And read the trembling world the tales of hell.

“When Venus, thron'd in clouds of rosy hue,  
Flings from her golden urn the vesper dew,  
And bids fond man her glimmering noon employ  
Sacred to love and walks of tender joy;  
A milder mood the goddess shall recall,  
And soft as dew thy tones of music fall;  
While Beauty's deeply pictur'd smiles impart  
A pang more dear than pleasure to the heart—  
Warm as thy sighs shall flow the Lesbian strain,  
And plead in Beauty's ear, nor plead in vain.

“Or wilt thou Orphean hymns more sacred  
deem,

And steep thy song in Mercy's mellow stream;  
To pensive drops the radiant eye beguile—  
For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile;—  
On Nature's throbbing anguish pour relief,  
And teach impassion'd souls the Joy of Grief?

“Yes; to thy tongue shall seraph words be  
giv'n,

And pow'r on earth to plead the cause of Heav'n;  
The proud, the cold untroubled heart of stone,  
never mus'd on sorrow but its own,

Unlocks a generous store at thy command,  
 Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand.<sup>6</sup>  
 The living lumber of his kindred earth,  
 Charm'd into soul, receives a second birth ;  
 Feels thy dread pow'r another heart afford,  
 Whose passion-touch'd harmonious strings accord  
 True as the circling spheres to Nature's plan ;  
 And man, the brother, lives the friend of man !

“Bright as the pillar rose at Heav'n's command,  
 When Israel march'd along the desert land,  
 Blaz'd through the night on lonely wilds afar,  
 And told the path—a never-setting star :  
 So, heav'nly Genius, in thy course divine,  
 Hope is thy star, her light is ever thine.”

Propitious Pow'r ! when rankling cares annoy  
 The sacred home of Hymenean joy ;  
 When doom'd to Poverty's sequester'd dell,  
 The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell,  
 Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame,  
 Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the  
 same—

Oh there, prophetic Hope ! thy smile bestow,  
 And chase the pangs that worth should never  
 know—

There, as the Parent deals his scanty store  
 To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more ;  
 Tell, that his manly race shall yet assuage  
 Their father's wrongs, and shield his later age.  
 What though for him no Hybla sweets distill,  
 Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill ;  
 Tell, that when silent years have pass'd away,  
 That when his eye grows dim, his tresses gray,  
 These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,  
 And deck with fairer flow'rs his little field,  
 And call from Heav'n propitious dew to breathe  
 Arcadian beauty on the barren heath ;

Tell, that while Love's spontaneous smile endears  
 The day of peace, the sabbath of his years,  
 Health shall prolong to many a festive hour  
 The social pleasures of his humble bower.

Lo ! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,  
 Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps ;  
 She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,  
 Smiles on her slumb'ring child with pensive  
 eyes,

And weaves a song of melancholy joy—  
 "Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy :  
 No ling'ring hour of sorrow shall be thine ;  
 No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine,  
 Bright as his manly sire, the son shall be  
 In form and soul ; but, ah ! more blest than he !  
 Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,  
 Shall soothe this aching heart for all the past—  
 With many a smile my solitude repay,  
 And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.

"And say, when summon'd from the world  
 and thee,

I lay my head beneath the willow tree ;  
 Wilt *thou*, sweet mourner ! at my stone appear,  
 And soothe my parted spirit ling'ring near ?  
 Oh, wilt thou come, at ev'ning hour, to shed  
 The tears of Memory o'er my narrow bed ;  
 With aching temples on thy hand reclin'd,  
 Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,  
 Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,  
 And think on all my love, and all my woe ?"

So speaks affection, ere the infant eye  
 Can look regard, or brighten in reply ;  
 But when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim  
 A mother's ear by that endearing name ;  
 Seen as the playful innocent can prove  
 A tear of pity, or a smile of love,

Or cons his murmur'ing task beneath her care,  
Or lisps with holy look his ev'ning prayer,  
Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear  
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear;  
How fondly looks admiring Hope the while,  
At every artless tear, and every smile!  
How glows the joyous parent to descry  
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy!

Where is the troubled heart, consigned to  
share  
Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,  
Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray  
To count the joys of Fortune's better day!  
Lo, nature, life, and liberty relume  
The dim-ey'd tenant of the dungeon gloom,  
A long lost friend, or hapless child restor'd,  
Smile at his blazing hearth and social board;  
Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow,  
And virtue triumphs o'er remember'd woe.

Chide not his peace, proud Reason! nor destroy  
The shadowy forms of uncreated joy,  
That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour  
Spontaneous slumber on his midnight hour.

Hark! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale  
That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail;  
She, sad spectatress, on the wint'ry shore  
Watch'd the rude surge his shroudless corse that  
bore,  
Knew the pale form, and, shrieking in amaze,  
Clasp'd her cold hands, and fixed her maddening  
gaze:  
Poor widow'd wretch! 'twas there she wept in  
vain,  
Till memory fled her agonizing brain;—  
But Mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe,  
Ideal peace, that Truth could ne'er bestow;



Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam,  
And aimless Hope delights her darkest dream.

Oft when yon moon has climb'd the midnight  
sky,  
And the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry,  
Pil'd on the steep, her blazing faggots burn  
To hail the bark that never can return ;  
And still she waits, but scarce forbears to weep  
That constant love can linger on the deep.

And, mark the wretch, whose wand'rings never  
knew  
The world's regard, that soothes, though half  
untrue,  
Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,  
But found not pity when it err'd no more.  
Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye  
Th' unfeeling proud one looks—and passes by ;  
Condemn'd on Penury's barren path to roam,  
Scorned by the world, and left without a home—  
Ev'n he, at evening, should he chance to stray  
Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,  
Where, round the cot's romantic glade, are seen  
The blossom'd bean-field, and the sloping green,  
Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the  
while—  
Oh ! that for me some home like this would  
smile,  
Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form,  
Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm ;  
There should my hand no stinted boon assign  
To wretched hearts with sorrow such as mine ;—  
That generous wish can soothe unpitied care,  
And Hope half mingles with the poor man's  
pray'r.

Hope ! when I mourn, with sympathizing mind,  
The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,

Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see  
The boundless fields of rapture yet to be;  
I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,  
And learn the future by the past of man.

Come, bright Improvement! on the car of  
Time,  
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime;  
Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,  
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.  
On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along,  
And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,  
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,  
And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk;  
There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,  
And shepherds dance at Summer's op'ning day;  
Each wand'ring genius of the lonely glen  
Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men;  
And silence watch, on woodland heights around,  
The village curfew, as it tolls profound.

In Lybian groves, where damned rites are  
done,  
That bathe the rocks in blood, and veil the sun,  
Truth shall arrest the murd'rous arm profane,  
Wild Obi flies<sup>7</sup>—the veil is rent in twain.

Where barb'rous hordes on Scythian moun-  
tains roam,  
Truth, Mercy, Freedom, yet shall find a home;  
Where'er degraded Nature bleeds and pines,  
From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines,<sup>8</sup>  
Truth shall pervade th' unfathom'd darkness  
there,  
And light the dreadful features of Despair.—  
Hark! the stern Captive spurns his heavy load,  
And asks the image back that Heaven bestow'd!  
Fierce in his eye the fire of valour burns,  
And, as the slave departs, the man returns.

Oh! sacred Truth! thy triumph ceas'd a  
 while,  
 And Hope, thy sister, ceas'd with thee to smile,  
 When leagu'd Oppression pour'd to Northern  
 wars  
 Her whisker'd pandoors and her fierce hussars,  
 Wav'd her dread standard to the breeze of morn,  
 Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet  
 horn;  
 Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,  
 Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!"

Warsaw's last Champion, from her height sur-  
 vey'd,  
 Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—  
 Oh! Heav'n! he cried, my bleeding country  
 save!—  
 Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?—  
 Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely  
 plains,  
 Rise, fellow-men! our Country yet remains!  
 By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,  
 And swear for her to live!—with her to die!

He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd  
 His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd;  
 Firm-pac'd and slow, a horrid front they form,  
 Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;  
 Low, murmur'ing sounds along their banners fly,  
 Revenge, or death,—the watchword and reply!  
 Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,  
 And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm!—

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!  
 From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew:—  
 Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of Time,  
 Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;  
 Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,  
 'th in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!

Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd  
spear,  
Clos'd her bright eye, and curb'd her high career;  
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,  
And Freedom shriek'd—as Kosciuszko fell!

The sun went down, nor ceas'd the carnage  
there,

Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—  
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,  
His blood-dy'd waters murmur'd far below;—  
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,  
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!—  
Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,  
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!  
Earth shook—red meteors flash'd along the sky,  
And conscious Nature shudder'd at the cry!

Oh! Righteous Heav'n! ere Freedom found a  
grave,

Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?  
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy  
rod,

That smote the foes of Zion and of God,  
That crush'd proud Ammon, when his iron car  
Was yok'd in wrath, and thunder'd from afar?  
Where was the storm that slumber'd till the host  
Of blood-stain'd Pharaoh left their trembling  
coast,

Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,  
And heav'd an ocean on their march below?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!  
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!  
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,  
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!  
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,  
And make her arm puissant as your own!—  
Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return  
The patriot TELL—the BRUCE of BANNOCKBURN!

Yes! thy proud lords, unpitied land! shall see  
That man hath yet a soul—and dare be free!  
A little while, along thy saddening plains,  
The starless night of Desolation reigns;  
Truth shall restore the light by Nature giv'n,  
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heav'n!  
Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurl'd,  
Her name, her nature, wither'd from the world!

Ye that the rising morn invidious mark,  
And hate the light—because your deeds are  
dark;

Ye that expanding Truth invidious view,  
And think, or wish the song of Hope untrue;  
Perhaps your little hands presume to span  
The march of Genius, and the pow'rs of man;  
Perhaps ye watch, at Pride's unhallow'd shrine,  
Her victims, newly slain, and thus divine:—  
“Here shall thy triumph, Genius, cease, and  
here,  
Truth, Science, Virtue, close your short career.”

Tyrants! in vain ye trace the wizard ring;  
In vain ye limit Mind's unwearied spring:  
What! can ye lull the winged winds asleep,  
Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep?  
No:—the wild wave contemns your scepter'd  
hand;—

It roll'd not back when Canute gave command!

Man! can thy doom no brighter soul allow?  
Still must thou live a blot on Nature's brow?  
Shall War's polluted banner ne'er be furld?  
Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the  
world?

What! are thy triumphs, sacred Truth, belied?  
Why then hath Plato liv'd—or Sydney died?

Ye fond adorers of departed fame,  
Who warm at Scipio's worth, or Tully's name!

Ye that, in fancied vision, can admire  
The sword of Brutus, and the Theban lyre!  
Wrapt in historic ardour who adore  
Each classic haunt, and well-remember'd shore,  
Where Valour tun'd, amid her chosen throng,  
The Thracian trumpet and the Spartan song;  
Or, wand'ring thence, behold the later charms  
Of England's glory, and Helvetia's arms!  
See Roman fire in Hampden's bosom swell,  
And fate and freedom in the shaft of Tell!  
Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore,  
Hath Valour left the world—to live no more?  
No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die,  
And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye?  
Hampden no more, when suffering freedom calls,  
Encounter fate, and triumph as he falls?  
Nor Tell disclose, through peril and alarm,  
The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm?

Yes! in that generous cause for ever strong,  
The patriot's virtue, and the poet's song,  
Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,  
Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay!

Yes! there are hearts, prophetic Hope may  
trust,  
That slumber yet in uncreated dust,  
Ordain'd to fire th' adoring sons of earth  
With every charm of wisdom and of worth;  
Ordain'd to light, with intellectual day,  
The mazy wheels of Nature as they play,  
Or warm with Fancy's energy, to glow,  
And rival all but Shakspeare's name below!

And say, supernal Powers! who deeply scan  
Heav'n's dark decrees, unfathom'd yet by man,  
When shall the world call down, to cleanse her  
shame,  
That embryo spirit, yet without a name,—

That friend of Nature, whose avenging hands  
Shall burst the Lybian's adamant bands?  
Who, sternly marking on his native soil,  
The blood, the tears, the anguish, and the toil,  
Shall bid each righteous heart exult; to see  
Peace to the slave, and vengeance on the free!

Yet, yet, degraded men! th' expected day  
That breaks your bitter cup, is far away;  
Trade, wealth, and fashion, ask you still to bleed,  
And holy men give scripture for the deed;  
Scourg'd and debas'd, no Briton stoops to save  
A wretch, a coward; yes, because a slave!

Eternal Nature! when thy giant hand  
Had heav'd the floods, and fix'd the trembling  
land,

When life sprung startling at thy plastic call,  
Endless her forms, and Man the lord of all!  
Say, was that lordly form inspir'd by thee  
To wear eternal chains, and bow the knee?  
Was man ordain'd the slave of man to toil,  
Yok'd with the brutes, and fettered to the soil;  
Weigh'd in a tyrant's balance with his gold?  
No!—Nature stamp'd us in a heav'nly mould!  
She bade no wretch his thankless labour urge,  
Nor, trembling, take the pittance and the  
scourge!

No homeless Lybian, on the stormy deep,  
To call upon his country's name, and weep!

Lo! once in triumph on his boundless plain,  
The quiver'd chief of Congo lov'd to reign;  
With fires proportion'd to his native sky,  
Strength in his arm, and lightning in his eye;  
Scourg'd with wild feet his sun-illumin'd zone,  
The spear, the lion, and the woods his own;  
Or led the combat, bold without a plan,  
artless savage, but a fearless man!

The plunderer came :—alas ! no glory smiles  
For Congo's chief on yonder Indian isles ;  
For ever fallen ! no son of Nature now,  
With Freedom charter'd on his manly brow !  
Faint, bleeding, bound, he weeps the night away.  
And, when the sea-wind wafts the dewless day,  
Starts, with a bursting heart, for ever more  
To curse the sun that lights their guilty shore !

The shrill horn blew ;<sup>10</sup> at that alarm knell,  
His guardian angel took a last farewell !  
That funeral dirge to darkness hath resign'd  
The fiery grandeur of a generous mind !  
Poor fetter'd man ! I hear thee whispering low  
Unhallow'd vows to Guilt, the child of Woe !  
Friendless thy heart ; and, canst thou harbour  
there  
A wish but death—a passion but despair ?

The widow'd Indian, when her lord expires,  
Mounts the dread pile, and braves the funeral  
fires !  
So falls the heart at Thraldom's bitter sigh !  
So Virtue dies, the spouse of Liberty !

But not to Lybia's barren climes alone,  
To Chili, or the wild Siberian zone,  
Belong the wretched heart and haggard eye,  
Degraded worth, and poor misfortune's sigh !—  
Ye orient realms, where Ganges' waters run !  
Prolific fields ! dominions of the sun !  
How long your tribes have trembled, and obey'd !  
How long was Timur's iron sceptre sway'd !<sup>11</sup>  
Whose marshall'd hosts, the lions of the plain,  
From Scythia's northern mountains to the main,  
Rag'd o'er your plunder'd shrines and altars bare,  
With blazing torch and gory scymitar,—  
Stunn'd with the cries of death each gentle gale,  
And bath'd in blood the verdure of the vale !



Yet could no pangs th' immortal spirit tame,  
When Brama's children perish'd for his name;  
The martyr smil'd beneath avenging pow'r,  
And brav'd the tyrant in his torturing hour!

When Europe sought your subject realms to  
gain,  
And stretch'd her giant sceptre o'er the main,  
Taught her proud barks their winding way to  
shape,  
And brav'd the stormy spirit of the Cape;<sup>12</sup>  
Children of Brama! then was mercy nigh  
To wash the stain of blood's eternal dye?  
Did Peace descend, to triumph and to save,  
When free born Britons cross'd the Indian wave?  
Ah, no!—to more than Rome's ambition true,  
The Nurse of Freedom gave it not to you!  
She the bold route of Europe's guilt began,  
And in the march of nations, led the van!

Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone,  
And plunder pil'd from kingdoms not their own,  
Degenerate Trade! thy minions could despise  
The heart-born anguish of a thousand cries;  
Could lock, with impious hands, their teeming  
store,  
While famish'd nations died along the shore;<sup>13</sup>  
Could mock the groans of fellow men, and bear  
The curse of kingdoms peopled with despair;  
Could stamp disgrace on man's polluted name,  
And barter, with their gold, eternal shame!

But, hark! as bow'd to earth the Bramia  
kneels,  
From heav'nly climes propitious thunder peals!  
Of India's fate her guardian spirits tell,  
Prophetic murmurs breathing on the shell,  
And solemn sounds, that awe the list'ning mind,  
Hail on the azure paths of ev'ry wind.

"Foes of mankind! (her guardian spirits say)  
Revolving ages bring the bitter day,  
When Heav'n's unerring arm shall fall on you,  
And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew:  
Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning  
hurl'd

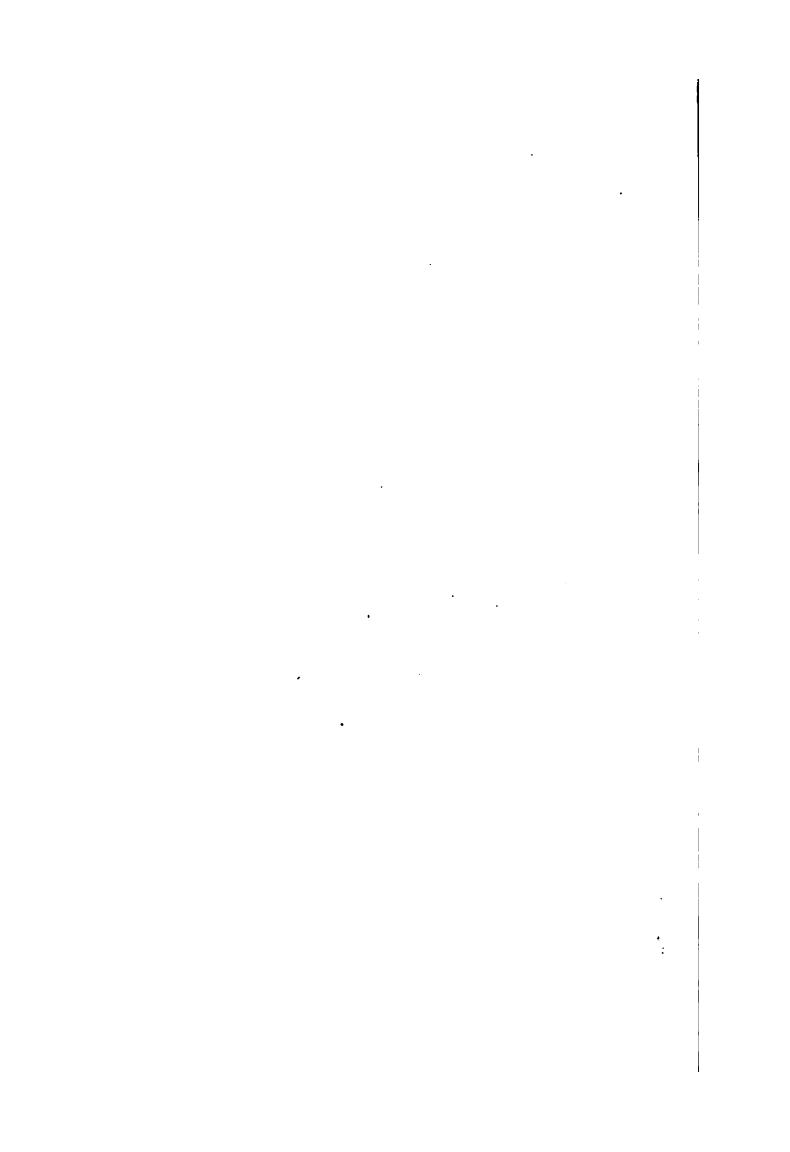
His awful presence o'er the alarmed world;  
Nine times hath Guilt, through all his giant  
frame,

Convulsive trembled as the Mighty came;  
Nine times hath suffering Mercyspar'd in vain—<sup>14</sup>  
But Heav'n shall burst her starry gates again!  
He comes! dread Brama shakes the sunless sky  
With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on  
high!

Heav'n's fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,  
Paws the light clouds, and gallops on the storm!  
Wide waves his flickering sword, his bright arms  
glow

Like summer suns, and light the world below!  
Earth, and her trembling isles in Ocean's bed  
Are shook, and Nature rocks beneath his tread!

"To pour redress on India's injured realm,  
The oppressor to dethrone, the proud to whelm;  
To chase destruction from her plunder'd shore  
With arts and arms that triumph'd once before,  
The tenth Avatar comes! at Heav'n's command  
Shall Seriswattee wave her hallowed hand!  
And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime,<sup>15</sup>  
Shall bless with joy their own propitious clime!—  
Come, Heav'nly Pow'rs! primeval Peace restore!  
Love! — Mercy! — Wisdom! — rule for ever  
more!"



**THE**

**PLEASURES OF HOPE.**

**PART SECOND.**

## ANALYSIS OF PART II.

**APOSTROPHE** to the power of Love.—Its intimate connexion with generous and social sensibility.—Allusion to that beautiful passage in the beginning of the Book of Genesis, which represents the happiness of Paradise itself incomplete, till Love was superadded to its other blessings.—The dreams of future felicity which a lively imagination is apt to cherish, when Hope is animated by refined attachment.—This disposition to combine, in one imaginary scene of residence, all that is pleasing in our estimate of happiness, compared to the skill of the great artist, who personified perfect beauty, in the picture of Venus, by an assemblage of the most beautiful features he could find.—A summer and winter evening described, as they may be supposed to arise in the mind of one who wishes, with enthusiasm, for the union of friendship and retirement.

Hope and Imagination inseparable agents.—Even in those contemplative moments when our imagination wanders beyond the boundaries of this world, our minds are not unattended with an impression, that we shall some day have a wider and distinct prospect of the universe, instead of the partial glimpse we now enjoy.

The last and most sublime influence of Hope is the concluding topic of the Poem. The predominance of a belief in a future state over the terrors attendant on dissolution.—The baneful influence of that sceptical philosophy which bars us from such comforts.—Allusion to the fate of a Suicide.—Episode of Conrad and Ellenore.—Conclusion.

## THE PLEASURES OF HOPE

### PART II.

In joyous youth, what soul hath never known  
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own ?  
Who hath not paus'd, while Beauty's pensive  
eye

Ask'd from his heart the homage of a sigh ?  
Who hath not own'd with rapture-smitten frame,  
The power of grace, the magic of a name ?

There be, perhaps, who barren hearts avow,  
Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow,  
There be, whose loveless wisdom never fail'd,  
In self-adoring pride securely mail'd ;—  
But, triumph not, ye peace-enamoured few !  
Fire, Nature, Genius, never dwelt with you !  
For you no fancy consecrates the scene  
Where rapture utter'd vows, and wept between ;  
'Tis yours, unmov'd, to sever and to meet ;  
No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet !

Who that would ask a heart to dulness wed,  
The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead ?  
No ; the wild bliss of Nature needs alloy,  
And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy !  
And say, without our hopes, without our fears,  
Without the home that plighted love endears,  
Without the smile from partial beauty won,  
O ! what were man ?—a world without a sun !

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,  
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bow'r !

In vain the viewless Seraph ling'ring there,  
 At starry midnight, charm'd the silent air;  
 In vain the wild-bird caroll'd on the steep,  
 To hail the sun, slow-wheeling from the deep;  
 In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,  
 Aerial notes in mingling measure play'd;  
 The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,  
 The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee;—  
 Still slowly pass'd the melancholy day,  
 And still the stranger wist not where to stray,—  
 The world was sad!—the garden was a wild!  
 And Man, the hermit, sigh'd—till Woman  
     smil'd!

True, the sad power to generous hearts may  
     bring

Delirious anguish on his fiery wing!  
 Barr'd from delight by Fate's untimely hand,  
 By wealthless lot, or pitiless command;  
 Or doom'd to gaze on beauties that adorn  
 The smile of triumph, or the frown of scorn;  
 While Memory watches o'er the sad review  
 Of joys that faded like the morning dew;  
 Peace may depart—and life and nature seem  
 A barren path—a wildness, and a dream!

But, can the noble mind for ever brood,  
 The willing victim of a weary mood,  
 On heartless cares that squander life away,  
 And cloud young Genius bright'ning into day!—  
 Shame to the coward thought that e'er betray'd  
 The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade!—<sup>16</sup>  
 If Hope's creative spirit cannot raise  
 One trophy sacred to thy future days,  
 Scorn the dull crowd that haunt the gloomy  
     shrine

Of hopeless love to murmur and repine!  
 But should a sigh of milder mood express  
 Thy heart-warm wishes, true to happiness,

Should Heav'n's fair harbinger delight to pour  
 Her blissful visions on thy pensive hour,  
 No tear to blot thy memory's pictur'd page,  
 No fears but such as fancy can assuage;  
 Though thy wild heart some hapless hour may  
 miss

The peaceful tenour of unvaried bliss,  
 (For love pursues an ever devious race,  
 True to the winding lineaments of grace);  
 Yet still may Hope her talisman employ  
 To snatch from Heaven anticipated joy,  
 And all her kindred energies impart  
 That burn the brightest in the purest heart!

When first the Rhodian's mimic art array'd  
 The Queen of Beauty in her Cyprian shade,  
 The happy master mingled on his piece  
 Each look that charm'd him in the fair of  
 Greece;

To faultless Nature true, he stole a grace  
 From every finer form and sweeter face;  
 And, as he sojourn'd on the Ægean isles,  
 Woo'd all their love, and treasur'd all their  
 smiles;

Then glow'd the tints, pure, precious, and re-  
 fin'd,  
 And mortal charms seem'd heav'nly when com-  
 bin'd!

Love on the picture smil'd! Expression pour'd  
 Her mingling spirit there—and Greece ador'd!

So thy fair hand, enamour'd Fancy! gleans  
 The treasur'd pictures of a thousand scenes!  
 Thy pencil traces on the Lover's thought  
 Some cottage-home, from towns and toil remote,  
 Where love and lore may claim alternate hours,  
 With peace embosom'd in Idalian bow'rs!  
 Remote from busy life's bewilder'd way,  
 O'er all his heart shall taste and Beauty sway!



Free on the sunny slope, or winding shore,  
With hermit steps to wander and adore !  
There shall he love, when genial morn appears,  
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears,  
To watch the bright'ning roses of the sky,  
And muse on Nature with a poet's eye !—  
And when the sun's last splendour lights the  
    deep,  
The woods, and waves, and murm'ring winds  
    asleep ;  
When fairy harps th' Hesperian planet hail,  
And the lone cuckoo sighs along the vale,  
His path shall be where streamy mountains  
    swell  
Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell,  
Where mouldering piles and forests intervene,  
Mingling with darker tints the living green ;  
No circling hills his ravish'd eye to bound,  
Heaven, Earth, and Ocean, blazing all around !

    The moon is up—the watch-tow'r dimly  
        burns  
And down the vale his sober step returns ;  
But pauses oft, as winding rocks convey  
The still sweet fall of music far away ;  
And oft he lingers from his home awhile  
To watch the dying notes !—and start, and smile !

Let Winter come ! let polar spirits sweep  
The dark'ning world, and tempest-troubled deep !  
Though boundless snows the wither'd heath  
    deform,  
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the  
    storm ;  
Yet shall the smile of social love repay,  
With mental light the melancholy day !  
And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er,  
The ice-chain'd waters slumb'ring on the shore,

---

How bright the faggots in his little hall  
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictur'd  
wall !

How blest he names, in Love's familiar tone,  
The kind fair friend, by Nature mark'd his own;  
And, in the waveless mirror of his mind,  
Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind,  
Since Anna's empire o'er his heart began !  
Since first he call'd her his before the holy man !

Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome,  
And light the wint'ry paradise of home ;  
And let the half-uncurtain'd window hail  
Some way-worn man benighted in the vale !  
Now, while the moaning night-wind rages high,  
As sweep the shot-stars down the troubled sky,  
While fiery hosts in Heav'n's wide circle play,  
And bathe in livid light the milky way,  
Safe from the storm, the meteor, and the shower,  
Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn  
hour—

With pathos shall command, with wit beguile,  
A generous tear of anguish, or a smile—  
Thy woes, Arion!<sup>17</sup> and thy simple tale,  
O'er all the heart shall triumph and prevail !  
Charm'd as they read the verse too sadly true,  
How gallant Albert, and his weary crew,  
Heav'd all their guns, their foundering bark to  
save,  
And toil'd—and shriek'd—and perish'd on the  
wave !

Yes, at the dead of night, by Lonna's steep,  
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep ;  
There, on his funeral waters, dark and wild,  
The dying father blest his darling child !  
Oh ! Mercy, shield her innocence, he cried,  
Spent on the pray'r his bursting heart, and  
died !

Or will they learn how generous worth sub-  
limes

The robber Moor,<sup>18</sup> and pleads for all his crimes !  
How poor Amelia kiss'd, with many a tear,  
His hand blood-stain'd, but ever, ever dear !  
Hung on the tortur'd bosom of her lord,  
And wept, and pray'd perdition from his sword !  
Nor sought in vain ! at that heart-piercing cry  
The strings of nature crack'd with agony !  
He, with delirious laugh, the dagger hurl'd,  
And burst the ties that bound him to the world !

Turn from his dying words, that smite with  
steel,  
The shuddering thoughts, or wind them on the  
wheel—

Turn to the gentler melodies that suit  
Thalia's harp, or Pan's Arcadian lute ;  
Or, down the stream of Truth's historic page,  
From clime to clime descend, from age to age !

Yet there, perhaps, may darker scenes obtrude  
Than Fancy fashions in her wildest mood ;  
There shall he pause, with horrent brow, to rate  
What millions died—that Cæsar might be great!<sup>19</sup>  
Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore,  
March'd by their Charles to Dneiper's swampy  
shore ;<sup>20</sup>

Faint in his wounds, and shivering in the blast,  
The Swedish soldier sunk—and groan'd his last !  
File after file, the stormy showers benumb,  
Freeze every standard-sheet, and hush the  
drum !

Horsemen and horse confess'd the bitter pang,  
And arms and warriors fell with hollow clang !  
Yet, ere he sunk in Nature's last repose,  
Ere life's warm torrent to the fountain froze,  
The dying man to Sweden turn'd his eye,  
Thought of his home, and clos'd it with a sigh !

Imperial Pride look'd sullen on his plight,  
And Charles beheld—nor shudder'd at the sight!

Above, below, in Ocean, Earth, and Sky,  
Thy fairy worlds, Imagination, lie,  
And Hope attends, companion of the way,  
Thy dream by night, thy visions of the day!  
In yonder pensile orb, and every sphere  
That gems the starry girdle of the year;  
In those unmeasur'd worlds, she bids thee tell,  
Pure from their God, created millions dwell.  
Whose names and natures, unreveal'd below,  
We yet shall learn, and wonder as we know;  
For, as Iona's Saint, a giant form,<sup>21</sup>  
Throng'd on her tow'rs, conversing with the  
storm,

(When o'er each runic altar, weed-entwin'd,  
The vesper clock tolls mournful to the wind),  
Counts every wave-worn isle, and mountain hoar,  
From Kilda to the green Ierne's shore;  
So, when thy pure and renovated mind  
This perishable dust hath left behind,  
Thy seraph eye shall count the starry train,  
Like distant isles embosom'd in the main;  
Rapt to the shrine where motion first began,  
And light and life in mingling torrent ran;  
From whence each bright rotundity was hurl'd,  
The throne of God,—the centre of the world!

Oh! vainly wise, the moral Muse hath sung  
That suasive Hope hath but a Syren tongue!  
True; she may sport with life's untutor'd day,  
Nor heed the solace of its last decay,  
The guileless heart her happy mansion spurn,  
And part like Ajut—never to return!<sup>22</sup>

But yet, methinks, when Wisdom shall as-  
suage  
The griefs and passions of our greener age,

Though dull the close of life, and far away  
Each flow'r that hail'd the dawning of the day ;  
Yet o'er her lovely hopes that once were dear,  
The time-taught spirit, pensive, not severe,  
With milder griefs her aged eye shall fill,  
And weep their falsehood, though she love them  
still !

Thus, with forgiving tears, and reconcil'd,  
The king of Judah mourn'd his rebel child !  
Musing on days, when yet the guiltless boy  
Smil'd on his sire, and fill'd his heart with joy !  
My Absalom ! the voice of Nature cried !  
Oh ! that for thee thy father could have died !  
For bloody was the deed, and rashly done,  
That slew my Absalom !—my son !—my son !

Unfading Hope ! when life's last embers burn,  
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return !  
Heav'n to thy charge resigns the awful hour !  
Oh ! then thy kingdom comes ! Immortal Power !  
What though each spark of earth-born rapture  
fly

The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye !  
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey  
The morning dream of life's eternal day—  
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin !  
And all the Phoenix spirit burns within !

Oh ! deep-enchancing prelude to repose,  
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes !  
Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,  
It is a dread and awful thing to die !  
Mysterious worlds, untravell'd by the sun !  
Where Time's far-wand'ring tide has never run,  
From your unfathom'd shades, and viewless  
spheres,  
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.

'Tis Heav'n's commanding trumpet, long and  
loud,

Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!  
While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,  
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;  
And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod  
The roaring waves, and call'd upon his God,  
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,  
And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss!

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illumine  
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb!  
Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll  
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul!  
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,  
Chas'd on his night-steed by the star of day!  
The strife is o'er—the pangs of Nature close,  
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.  
Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,  
The noon of Heav'n undazzled by the blaze,  
On heav'nly winds that waft her to the sky,  
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;  
Wild as that hallow'd anthem sent to hail  
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,  
When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight  
still

Watch'd on the holy tow'rs of Zion hill!

Soul of the just! companion of the dead!  
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?  
Back to its heav'nly source thy being goes,  
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose;  
Doom'd on his airy path awhile to burn,  
And doom'd, like thee, to travel, and return.—  
Hark! from the world's exploding centre driv'n,  
With sounds that shook the firmament of Heav'n,  
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,  
On bick'ring wheels, and adamantine car;

From planet whirl'd to planet more remote,  
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought;  
But, wheeling homeward, when his course is run,  
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun!  
So hath the traveller of earth unfurl'd  
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world;  
And o'er the path by mortal never trod,  
Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God!

Oh! lives there, Heav'n! beneath thy dread  
expanses,  
One hopeless, dark Idolater of Chance,  
Content to feed, with pleasures unrefin'd,  
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind;  
Who, mould'ring earthward, 'reft of every trust,  
In joyless union wedded to the dust,  
Could all his parting energy dismiss,  
And call this barren world sufficient bliss?  
There live, alas! of Heav'n-directed mien,  
Of cultur'd soul, and sapient eye serene,  
Who hail thee, Man! the pilgrim of a day,  
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay!  
Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,  
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower!  
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,  
Whose mortal life, and momentary fire,  
Light to the grave his chance-created form,  
As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm;  
And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,  
To Night and Silence sink for evermore!—

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,  
Lights of the world, and demi-gods of Fame?  
Is this your triumph—this your proud applause,  
Children of Truth, and champions of her cause?  
For this hath Science search'd, on weary wing,  
By shore and sea—each mute and living thing?  
Launch'd with Iberia's pilot from the steep,  
To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep?

Or round the cope her living chariot driv'n,  
And wheel'd in triumph through the signs of  
Heav'n?

Oh! star-ey'd Science, hast thou wander'd there,  
To waft us home the message of despair?  
Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,  
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit!  
Ah me! the laurel'd wreath that murder rears,  
Blood-nurs'd, and water'd by the widow's tears,  
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,  
As waves the night-shade round the sceptic head.  
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?  
I smile on death, if heav'n-ward Hope remain!  
But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife  
Be all the faithless charter of my life,  
If Chance awak'd, inexorable pow'r!  
This frail and fev'rish being of an hour,  
Doom'd o'er the world's precarious scene to  
sweep,

Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,  
To know Delight but by her parting smile,  
And toil, and wish, and weep, a little while;  
Then melt, ye elements, that form'd in vain  
This troubled pulse, and visionary brain!  
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom!  
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb!  
Truth, ever lovely, since the world began,  
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man,—  
How can thy words from balmy slumber start  
Reposing Virtue, pillow'd on the heart!  
Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder roll'd,  
And that were true which Nature never told;  
Let Wisdom smile not on her conquer'd field;  
No rapture dawns, no treasure is reveal'd!  
Oh! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,  
The doom that bars us from a better fate;  
But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,  
Weep to record, and blush to give it in!



And well may Doubt, the mother of Dismay,  
Pause at her martyr's tomb, and read the lay,  
Down by the wilds of yon deserted vale,  
It darkly hints a melancholy tale!  
There, as the homeless madman sits alone,  
In hollow winds he hears a spirit moan!  
And there, they say, a wizard orgie crowds,  
When the moon lights her watch-tower in the  
clouds.

Poor, lost Alonzo! Fate's neglected child!  
Mild be the doom of Heav'n—as thou wert mild!  
For oh! thy heart in holy mould was cast,  
And all thy deeds were blameless, but the last.  
Poor, lost Alonzo! still I seem to hear  
The clod that struck thy hollow-sounding bier!  
When friendship paid, in speechless sorrow  
drown'd,  
Thy midnight rites, but not on hallowed ground!

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,  
But leave—oh! leave the light of Hope behind!  
What though my winged hours of bliss have  
been,  
Like angel-visits, few, and far between!  
Her musing mood shall every pang appease,  
And charm—when pleasures lose the power to  
please!

Yes! let each rapture, dear to Nature, flee;  
Close not the light of Fortune's stormy sea—  
Mirth, Music, Friendship, Love's propitious  
smile,  
Chase every care, and charm a little while,  
Ecstatic throbs the fluttering heart employ,  
And all her strings are harmonized to Joy!—  
But why so short is Love's delighted hour?  
Why fades the dew on Beauty's sweetest flow'r?  
Why can no hymned charm of Music heal  
The sleepless woes impassioned spirits feel?

Can Fancy's fairy hands no veil create,  
To hide the sad realities of fate?—

No! not the quaint remark, the sapient rule,  
Nor all the pride of Wisdom's worldly school,  
Have pow'r to soothe, unaided and alone,  
The heart that vibrates to a feeling tone!  
When stepdame Nature every bliss recalls,  
Fleet as the meteor o'er the desert falls;  
When, 'reft of all, yon widow'd sire appears  
A lonely hermit in the vale of years;  
Say, can the world one joyous thought bestow  
To Friendship, weeping at the couch of Woe?  
No! but a brighter soothes the last adieu,—  
Souls of impassioned mould, she speaks to you!  
Weep not, she says, at Nature's transient pain,  
Congenial spirits part to meet again!—

What plaintive sobs thy filial spirit drew,  
What sorrow chok'd thy long and last adieu,  
Daughter of Conrad! when he heard his knell,  
And bade his country and his child farewell!  
Doom'd the long isles of Sydney Cove to see.  
The martyr of his crimes, but true to thee.  
Thrice the sad father tore thee from his heart,  
And thrice return'd, to bless thee, and to part;  
Thrice from his trembling lips he murmur'd low  
The plaint that own'd unutterable woe;  
Till Faith, prevailing o'er his sullen doom,  
As bursts the morn on night's unfathom'd gloom,  
Lur'd his dim eye to deathless hopes sublime,  
Beyond the realms of Nature and of Time!

“And weep not thus, (he cried,) young Ellenore!

My bosom bleeds, but soon shall bleed no more!  
Short shall this half-extinguish'd spirit burn,  
And soon these limbs to kindred dust return!  
But not, my child, with life's precarious fire,  
Th' immortal ties of Nature shall expire;

These shall resist the triumph of decay,  
When time is o'er, and worlds have pass'd away!  
Cold in the dust this perish'd heart may lie,  
But that which warm'd it once shall never die!  
That spark unburied in its mortal frame,  
With living light, eternal, and the same,  
Shall beam on Joy's interminable years,  
Unveil'd by darkness—unassuag'd by tears!

“Yet, on the barren shore and stormy deep,  
One tedious watch is Conrad doom'd to weep;  
But when I gain the home without a friend,  
And press th' uneasy couch where none attend,  
This last embrace, still cherish'd in my heart,  
Shall calm the struggling spirit ere it part!  
Thy darling form shall seem to hover nigh,  
And hush the groan of life's last agony!

“Farewell! when strangers lift thy father's  
bier,  
And place my nameless stone without a tear;  
When each returning pledge hath told my child  
That Conrad's tomb is on the desert pil'd;  
And when the dream of troubled fancy sees  
Its lonely rank-grass waving in the breeze;  
Who then will soothe thy grief, when mine is  
o'er?

Who will protect thee, helpless Ellenore?  
Shall secret scenes thy filial sorrows hide,  
Scorn'd by the world, to factious guilt allied?  
Ah! no; methinks the generous and the good  
Will woo thee from the shades of solitude!  
O'er friendless grief Compassion shall awake,  
And smile on Innocence, for Mercy's sake!”

Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be,  
The tears of love were hopeless, but for thee!  
If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,  
If that faint murmur be the last farewell!

If fate unite the faithful but to part,  
Why is their memory sacred to the heart?  
Why does the Brother of my childhood seem  
Restor'd awhile in every pleasing dream?  
Why do I joy the lonely spot to view,  
By artless friendship blest when life was new?

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime  
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of  
Time,

Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade,—  
When all the sister planets have decay'd;  
When rapt in fire the realms of ether glow,  
And heav'n's last thunder shakes the world  
below;

Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruin smile,  
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile!

END OF PART SECOND.

Their father's dust,\* or lift, perchance, of yore,  
 Their voice to the Great Spirit :—rocks sublime  
 To human art a sportive semblance wore ;  
 And yellow lichens colour'd all the clime,  
 Like moonlight battlements, and tow'rs decay'd  
     by time.

## X.

But high, in amphitheatre above,  
 His arms the everlasting aloë threw :  
 Breath'd but an air of heav'n, and all the grove  
 As if with instinct living spirit grew,  
 Rolling its verdant gulfs of every hue ;  
 And now suspended was the pleasing din,  
 Now from a murmur faint it swell'd anew,  
 Like the first note of organ heard within  
 Cathedral aisles,—ere yet its symphony begin.

## XI.

It was in this lone valley she would charm  
 The ling'ring noon, where flow'rs a couch had  
     strown ;  
 Her cheek reclining, and her snowy arm  
 On hillock by the palm-tree half o'ergrown :  
 And ay that volume on her lap is thrown,  
 Which every heart of human mould endears ;  
 With Shakespeare's self she speaks and smiles  
     alone,  
 And no intruding visitation fears,  
 To shame th' unconscious laugh, or stop her  
     sweetest tears.—

## XII.

For, save her presence, scarce an ear had heard  
 The stock-dove plaining through its gloom pro-  
     found,

\* It is a custom of the Indian tribes to visit the tombs  
 of their ancestors, in the cultivated parts of America  
 to have been buried for upwards of a century.

Or winglet of the fairy humming bird,  
Like atoms of the rainbow fluttering round ;  
Till chance had usher'd to its inmost ground  
The stranger guest of many a distant clime ;  
He was, to weet, for eastern mountains bound ;  
But late th' equator suns his cheek had tann'd,  
And California's gales his roving bosom fann'd.—

XIII.

A steed, whose rein hung loosely o'er his arm,  
He led dismounted ; ere his leisure pace,  
Amid the brown leaves, could her ear alarm,  
Close he had come, and worshipp'd for a space  
Those downcast features :—she her lovely face  
Uplift on one whose lineaments and frame  
Were youth and manhood's intermingled grace :  
Iberian seem'd his boot—his robe the same,  
And well the Spanish plume his lofty looks  
became.

XIV.

For Albert's home he sought—her finger fair  
Has pointed where the father's mansion stood.  
Returning from the copse he soon was there ;  
And soon as Gertrude hied from dark green  
wood ;  
Nor joyless, by the converse, understood,  
Between the man of age and pilgrim young,  
That gay congeniality of mood,  
And early liking from acquaintance sprung :  
Full fluently convers'd their guest in England's  
tongue.

XV.

And well could he his pilgrimage of taste  
Unfold,—and much they lov'd his servid strain,—  
While he each fair variety re-trac'd  
Of climes, and manners, o'er the eastern main :—  
Now happy Switzer's hills,—romantic Spain,—

Gay lilled fields of France,—or, more refin'd,  
The soft Ausonia's monumental reign ;  
Nor less each rural image he design'd,  
Than all the city's pomp and home of human  
kind.

## XVI.

Anon some wilder portraiture he draws ;  
Of Nature's savage glories he would speak,—  
The loneliness of earth that overawes,—  
Where, resting by some tomb of old Cacique,  
The lama-driver on Peruvia's peak,  
Nor voice nor living motion marks around ;  
But storks that to the boundless forest shriek ;  
Or wild-cane arch high flung o'er gulf profound,\*  
That fluctuates when the storms of El Dorado  
sound.—

## XVII.

Pleas'd with his guest, the good man still would  
ply  
Each earnest question, and his converse court ;  
But Gertrude, as she eyed him, knew not why  
A strange and troubling wonder stopt her short.  
“ In England thou hast been,—and, by report,  
An orphan's name (quoth Albert) mayst have  
known :  
Sad tale!—when latest fell our frontier fort,—  
One innocent—one soldier's child—alone  
Was spar'd, and brought to me, who loved him  
as my own.—

\* The bridges over narrow streams in many parts of Spanish America are said to be built of cane, which, however strong to support the passenger, are yet waved in the agitation of the storm, and frequently add to the effect of a mountainous and picturesque scenery.

XVIII.

Young Henry Waldegrave! three delightful  
years

These very walls his infant sports did see ;  
But most I lov'd him when his parting tears  
Alternately bedew'd my child and me :  
His sorest parting, Gertrude, was from thee ;  
Nor half its grief his little heart could hold :  
By kindred he was sent for o'er the sea,  
They tore him from us when but twelve years  
old,  
And scarcely for his loss have I been yet  
consol'd."—

XIX.

His face the wand'rer hid ;—but could not hide  
A tear, a smile, upon his cheek that dwell ;—  
" And speak, mysterious stranger !" (Gertrude  
cried)

" It is !—it is !—I knew—I knew him well !  
'Tis Waldegrave's self, of Waldegrave come to  
tell !"

A burst of joy the father's lips declare ;  
But Gertrude speechless on his bosom fell !  
At once his open arms embrac'd the pair,  
Was never group more blest, in this wide world  
of care,—

XX.

" And will ye pardon, then (replied the youth),  
Your Waldegrave's feigned name, and false  
attire ?

I durst not in the neighbourhood, in truth,  
The very fortunes of your house inquire :  
Lest one that knew me might some tidings dire  
Impart, and I my weakness all betray,  
For had I lost my Gertrude, and my sire,  
I meant but o'er your tombs to weep a day ;  
Unknown I meant to weep, unknown to pass  
away.



## XXI.

" But here ye live,—ye bloom,—in each dear face  
The changing hand of time I may not blame ;  
For there, it hath but shed more reverend grace,  
And here, of beauty perfected the frame ;  
And well I know your hearts are still the same,  
They could not change—ye look the very way,  
As when an orphan first to you I came.  
And have ye heard of my poor guide, I pray ?  
Nay wherefore weep we, friends, on such a joyous  
day ?"—

## XXII.

" And art thou here ? or is it but a dream ?  
And wilt thou, Waldegrave, wilt thou leave us  
more ?"

" No, never ! thou that yet dost lovelier seem  
Than aught on earth—than e'en thyself of yore—  
I will not part thee from thy father's shore ;  
But we shall cherish him with mutual arms ;  
And hand in hand again the path explore,  
Which every ray of young remembrance warms ;  
While thou shalt be my own with all thy truth  
and charms."

## XXIII.

At morn, as if beneath a galaxy  
Of over-arching groves in blossoms white,  
Where all was od'rous scent and harmony,  
And gladness to the heart, nerve, ear, and sight:  
There if, oh, gentle love ! I read aright,  
The utterance that seal'd thy sacred bond,  
'Twas list'ning to these accents of delight,  
She hid upon his breast those eyes, beyond  
Expression's pow'r to paint, all languishingly  
fond.

## XXIV.

" Flow'r of my life, so lovely and so lone !  
Whom I would rather in this desert meet,

Scorning and scorn'd by fortune's pow'r, than  
own

Her pomp and splendours lavish'd at my feet!  
Turn not from me thy breath, more exquisite  
Than odours cast on heaven's own shrine—to  
please—

Give me thy love, than luxury more sweet,  
And more than all the wealth that loads the  
breeze,

When Coromandel's ships return from Indian  
seas."—

## XXV.

Then would that home admit them—happier far  
Than grandeur's most magnificent saloon—

While, here and there, a solitary star  
Flush'd in the dark'ning firmament of June;  
And silence brought the soul-felt hour full soon,  
Ineffable, which I may not portray;  
For never did the Hymenean moon  
A paradise of hearts more sacred sway,  
In all that slept beneath her soft voluptuous ray.

# GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

## PART III.

### I.

O LOVE! in such a wilderness as this,  
Where transport and security entwine,  
Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,  
And here thou art a god indeed divine.  
Here shall no forms abridge, no hours confine  
The views, the walks, that boundless joy inspire!  
Roll on, ye days of raptur'd influence, shine!  
Nor, blind with ecstasy's celestial fire,  
Shall love behold the spark of earth-born time  
expire.

### II.

Three little moons, how short, amidst the grove  
And pastoral savannahs, they consume!  
While she, beside her buskin'd youth to rove,  
Delights, in fancifully wild costume,  
Her lovely brow to shade with Indian plume;  
And forth in hunter-seeming vest they fare;  
But not to chase the deer in forest gloom;  
'Tis but the breath of heav'n—the blessed air—  
And interchange of hearts unknown, unseen to  
share.

### III.

What though the sportive dog oft round them  
note,  
Or fawn, or wild bird bursting on the wing;  
Yet who, in love's own presence, would devote  
To death those gentle throats that wake the  
spring;

Or writhing from the brook its victim bring?  
No!—nor let fear one little warbler rouse;  
But, fed by Gertrude's hand, still let them sing,  
Acquaintance of her path, amidst the boughs,  
That shade e'en now her love, and witness'd first  
her vows.

## IV.

Now labyrinths, which but themselves can pierce,  
Methinks, conduct them to some pleasant ground,  
Where welcome hills shut out the universe,  
And pines their lawny walk encompass round;  
There, if a pause delicious converse found,  
'Twas but when o'er each heart th' idea stole,  
(Perchance awhile in joy's oblivion drown'd,)  
That come what may, while life's glad pulses roll,  
Indissolubly thus should soul be knit to soul.

## V.

And in the visions of romantic youth,  
What years of endless bliss are yet to flow!  
But mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth?  
The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below!  
And must I change my song? and must I show,  
Sweet Wyoming! the day, when thou wert  
doom'd,  
Guiltless, to mourn thy loveliest bow'rs laid low?  
When where of yesterday a garden bloom'd,  
Death overspread his pall, and black'ning ashes  
gloom'd.—

## VI.

Sad was the year, by proud oppression driv'n,  
When Transatlantic Liberty arose,  
Not in the sunshine, and the smile of heav'n,  
But wrapt in whirlwinds, and begirt with woes:  
Amidst the strife of fratricidal focs,

Her birth star was the light of burning plains ;  
Her baptism is the weight of blood that flows  
From kindred hearts—the blood of British veins—  
And famine tracks her steps, and pestilential  
pains.

## VII.

Yet, ere the storm of death had raged remote,  
Or siege unseen in heav'n reflects its beams,  
Who now each dreadful circumstance shall note,  
That fills pale Gertrude's thoughts, and nightly  
dreams ?

Dismal to her the forge of battle gleams,  
Portentous light ! and music's voice is dumb ;  
Save where the fife its shrill *réveillé* screams,  
Or midnight streets re-echo to the drum,  
That speaks of madd'ning strife, and bloodstain'd  
fields to come.

## VIII.

It was in truth a momentary pang ;  
Yet how comprising myriad shapes of woe !  
First when in Gertrude's ear the summons rang,  
A husband to the battle doom'd to go !  
“ Nay meet not thou,” she cries, “ thy kindred  
foe !

But peaceful let us seek fair England's strand !”  
“ Ah, Gertrude ! thy beloved heart, I know,  
Would feel, like mine, the stigmatizing brand,  
Could I forsake the cause of freedom's holy band !

## IX.

“ But shame—but flight—a recreant's name to  
prove,  
To hide in exile ignominious fears ;

\* Alluding to the miseries that attended the American civil war.

Say, e'en if this I brook'd, the public love  
Thy father's bosom to his home endears :  
And how could I his few remaining years,  
My Gertrude, sever from so dear a child ?"  
So, day by day, her boding heart he cheers ;  
At last that heart to hope is half beguil'd,—  
And pale through tears suppress'd the mournful  
    beauty smil'd.

## X.

Night came,—and in their lighted bow'r full late  
The joy of converse had endur'd,—when, hark !  
Abrupt and loud, a summons shook their gate :  
And, heedless of the dog's obstrep'rous bark,  
A form has rush'd amidst them from the dark,  
And spread his arms,—and fell upon the floor ;  
Of aged strength his limbs retained the mark ;  
But desolate he look'd, and famish'd, poor,  
As ever shipwreck'd wretch lone left on desert  
    shore.

## XI.

Uprisen, each wond'ring brow is knit and arch'd :  
A spirit from the dead they deem him first :  
To speak he tries ; but quivering, pale, and  
    parch'd  
From lips, as by some pow'rless dream accurs'd,  
Emotions unintelligible burst ;  
And long his filmed eye is red and dim ;  
At length the pity-proffer'd cup his thirst  
Had half assuag'd, and nerved his shuddering  
    limb,  
When Albert's hand he grasp'd ;—but Albert  
    knew not him.—

## XII.

“ And hast thou, then, forgot,” (he cried, forlorn,  
And eyed the group with half indignant air),  
“ Oh ! hast thou, Christian chief, forgot the morn  
When I with thee the cup of peace did share ?

Then stately was this head, and dark this hair,  
That now is white as Appalachia's snow ;  
But, if the weight of fifteen years' despair  
And age hath bow'd me, and the tort'ring foe,  
Bring me my boy—and he will his deliverer  
know !”

## XIII.

It was not long, with eyes and heart of flame,  
Ere Henry to his loved Oneyda flew :  
“ Bless thee, my guide !”—but, backward as he  
came,  
The chief his old bewild' red head withdrew,  
And grasp'd his arm, and look'd, and look'd him  
through.  
’Twas strange—nor could the group a smile  
control—  
The long, the doubtful scrutiny to view :—  
At last, delight o'er all his features stole,  
“ It is—my own,” he cried, and clasp'd him to  
his soul.—

## XIV.

“ Yes ! thou recall'st my pride of years, for then  
The bowstring of my spirit was not slack,  
When, spite of woods, and floods, and ambush'd  
men,  
I bore thee like the quiver on my back,  
Fleet as the whirlwind hurries on the rack ;  
Nor foeman then, nor cougar's\* crouch I fear'd,  
For I was strong as mountain cataract :  
And dost thou not remember how we cheer'd  
Upon the last hill-top, when white men's huts  
appear'd ?

## XV.

“ Then welcome be my death-song, and my death !  
Since I have seen thee, and again embraced.”

Cougar, the American tiger.

And longer had he spent his toil-worn breath ;  
But, with affectionate and eager haste,  
Was every arm outstretch'd around their guest,  
To welcome, and to bless his aged head.  
Soon was the hospitable banquet plac'd ;  
And Gertrude's lovely hands a balsam shed  
On wounds with fever'd joy that more profusely  
bled.

XVI.

"But this is not a time,"—he started up,  
And smote his breast with woe-denouncing  
hand—  
"This is not time to fill the joyous cup,  
The Mammoth comes ;<sup>33</sup>—the foe,—the Monster  
Brandt,\*—  
With all his howling desolating band ;—  
These eyes have seen their blade and burning  
pine  
Awake at once, and silence half your land.  
Red is the cup they drink ; but not with wine :  
Awake, and watch to-night ! or see no morning  
shine !"

XVII.

"Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,  
With Brandt himself I went to battle forth :<sup>34</sup>  
Accursed Brandt ! he left of all my tribe  
Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth :  
No ! not the dog that watch'd my household  
hearth  
Escap'd, that night of blood, upon our plains !  
All perish'd !—I alone am left on earth !  
To whom nor relative nor blood remains,  
No !—not a kindred drop that runs in human  
veins !<sup>35</sup>

\* Brandt was the leader of those Mohawks, and  
other savages, who laid waste this part of Pennsylvania.  
—Vide the note at the end of this poem.



## XVIII.

But go!—and rouse your warriors ;—for, if right  
These old bewilder'd eyes could guess, by signs  
Of strip'd and starred banners, on yon height  
Of eastern cedars, o'er the creek of pines—  
Some fort embattled by your country shines :  
Deep roars the innavigable gulf below  
Its squared rocks, and palisaded lines.  
Go! seek the light its warlike beacons show ;  
Whilst I in ambush wait, for vengeance, and the  
foe!"

## XIX.

Scarce had he utter'd,—when Heav'n's verge  
extreme  
Reverberates the bomb's descending star,—  
And sounds that mingled laugh,—and shout,—  
and scream,  
To freeze the blood, in one discordant jar,  
Rung to the pealing thunderbolts of war.  
Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assail'd ;  
As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar ;  
While rapidly the marksman's shot prevailed ;—  
And ay, as if for death, some lonely trumpet  
wail'd.—

## XX.

Then look'd they to the hills, where fire o'erhung  
The bandit groups, in one Vesuvian glare ;  
Or swept, far seen, the tow'r, whose clock unrung,  
Told legible that midnight of despair.  
She faints,—she falters not,—th' heroic fair,—  
As he the sword and plume in haste array'd.  
One short embrace—he clasp'd his dearest  
care—  
But hark! what nearer war-drum shakes the  
glade?  
Joy, joy! Columbia's friends are trampling  
through the shade!

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XXI.

Then came of every race the mingled swarm,  
Far rung the groves, and gleam'd the midnight  
grass  
With flambeau, javelin, and naked arm ;  
As warriors wheel'd their culverins of brass,  
Sprung from the woods a bold athletic mass,  
Whom virtue fires, and liberty combines :  
And first the wild Moravian yagers pass ;  
His plum'd host the dark Iberian joins —  
And Scotia's sword beneath the Highland thistle  
shines.

XXII.

And in—the buskin'd hunters of the deer,  
To Albert's home, with shout and cymbal  
throng :—  
Rous'd by their warlike pomp, and mirth and  
cheer,  
Old Outalissi woke his battle song,  
And, beating with his war-club cadence strong,  
Tells how his deep-stung indignation smarts,  
Of them that wrapt his house in flames, ere long,  
To whet a dagger on their stony hearts,  
And smile avenged ere yet his eagle spirit  
parts.—

XXIII.

Calm, opposite the Christian father rose,  
Pale on his venerable brow its rays  
Of martyr light the conflagration throws ;  
One hand upon his lovely child he lays,  
And one th' uncover'd crowd to silence sways ;  
While, though the battle flash is faster driv'n,—  
Unaw'd, with eye unstartled by the blaze,  
He for his bleeding country prays to Heav'n,—  
Prays that the men of blood themselves may be  
forgiven.

## XXIV.

Short time is now for gratulating speech;  
And yet, beloved Gertrude, ere began  
Thy country's flight, yon distant tow'rs to reach,  
Look'd not on thee the rudest partizan  
With brow relax'd to love? And murmurs ran,  
As round and round their willing ranks they  
drew,  
From beauty's sight to shield the hostile van.  
Grateful, on them a placid look she threw,  
Nor wept, but as she bade her mother's grave  
adieu!

## XXV.

Past was the flight, and welcome seem'd the  
tow'r,  
That like a giant standard-bearer, frown'd  
Defiance on the roving Indian pow'r.  
Beneath, each bold and promontory mound  
With embrasure emboss'd, and armour crown'd,  
And arrowy frize, and wedged ravelin,  
Wove like a diadem its tracery round  
The lofty summit of that mountain green;  
Here stood secure the group, and eyed a distant  
scene:

## XXVI.

A scene of death! where fires beneath the sun,  
And blended arms, and white pavilions glow;  
And for the business of destruction done,  
Its requiem the war-horn seemed to blow.  
There, sad spectatress of her country's woe!  
The lovely Gertrude, safe from present harm,  
Had laid her cheek, and clasp'd her hands of  
snow  
On Waldegrave's shoulder, half within his arm  
Enclos'd, that felt her heart, and hush'd its wild  
alarm!

## XXVII.

But short that contemplation—sad and short  
The pause to bid each much-lov'd scene adieu !  
Beneath the very shadow of the fort,  
Where friendly swords were drawn, and banners  
flew !

Ah ! who could deem that foot of Indian crew  
Was near ?—yet there, with lust of murd'rous  
deeds,

Gleam'd like a basilisk, from woods in view,  
The ambush'd foeman's eye—his volley speeds,  
And Albert—Albert falls ! the dear old father  
bleeds !

## XXVIII.

And tranc'd in giddy horror, Gertrude swoon'd ;  
Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,  
Say, burst they, borrow'd from her father's  
wound,

These drops ?—Oh God ! the life-blood is her  
own ;

And, falt'ring, on her Waldegrave's bosom  
thrown—

" Weep not, O love !" she cries, " to see me  
bleed—

Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone—  
Heaven's peace commiserate ; for scarce I heed  
These wounds :—yet thee to leave is death, is  
death indeed.

## XXIX.

Clasp me a little longer, on the brink  
Of fate ! while I can feel thy drear caress ;  
And, when this heart hath ceased to beat—oh !  
think,

And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,  
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,

And friend to more than human friendship just.  
 Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,  
 And by the hopes of an immortal trust,  
 God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in  
 dust!

## XXX.

Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart,  
 The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,  
 Where my dear father took thee to his heart,  
 And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to rove  
 With thee, as with an angel, through the grove  
 Of peace,—imagining her lot was cast  
 In heav'n; for ours was not like earthly love.  
 And must this parting be our very last?  
 No! I shall love thee still, when death itself is  
 past.—

## XXXI.

Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this  
 earth,—  
 And thee, more lov'd than aught beneath the  
 sun,  
 If I had liv'd to smile but on the birth  
 Of one dear pledge;—but shall there, then, be  
 none,  
 In future times—no gentle little one,  
 To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me?  
 Yet seems it, e'en while life's last pulses run,  
 A sweetness in the cup of death to be,  
 Lord of my bosom's love! to die beholding thee!"

## XXXII.

Hush'd were his Gertrude's lips! but still their  
 bland  
 And beautiful expression seem'd to melt  
 With love that could not die! and still his hand  
 She presses to the heart no more that felt.

Ah heart! where once each fond affection dwelt,  
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.  
Mute, gazing, agonizing as he knelt,—  
Of them that stood encircling his despair,  
He heard some friendly words;—but knew not  
what they were.

XXXIII.

For now, to mourn their judge and child, arrives  
A faithful band. With solemn rites between,  
'Twas sung, how they were lovely in their lives,  
And in their deaths had not divided been.  
Touch'd by the music, and the melting scene,  
Was scarce one tearless eye amidst the crowd :—  
Stern warriors, resting on their swords, were  
seen  
To veil their eyes, as pass'd each much-lov'd  
shroud—  
While woman's softer soul in woe dissolv'd aloud.

XXXIV.

Then mournfully the parting bugle bid  
Its farewell o'er the grave of worth and truth ;  
Prone to the dust, afflicted Waldegrave hid  
His face on earth ;—him watch'd in gloomy ruth,  
His woodland guide ; but words had none to  
soothe  
The grief that knew not consolation's name !  
Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,  
He watch'd, beneath its folds, each burst that  
came  
Convulsive, ague-like, across his shuddering  
frame !

XXXV.

“ And I could weep ; ”—th' Oneyda chief  
His descant wildly thus began :

" But that I may not stain with grief  
The death-song of my father's son !  
Or bow this head in woe ;  
For by my wrongs, and by my wrath !  
To-morrow Areouski's breath,  
(That fires yon heav'n with storms of death),  
Shall light us to the foe :  
And we shall share, my Christian boy !  
The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy !—

## XXXVI.

" But thee, my flow'r, whose breath was giv'n  
By milder genii o'er the deep,  
The spirits of the white man's heav'n  
Forbid not thee to weep :—  
Nor will the Christian host,  
Nor will thy father's spirit grieve  
To see thee, on the battle's eve,  
Lamenting take a mournful leave  
Of her who lov'd thee most :  
She was the rainbow to thy sight !  
Thy sun—thy heav'n—of lost delight !—

## XXXVII.

" To-morrow let us do or die !  
But when the bolt of death is hurl'd,  
Ah ! whither then with thee to fly,  
Shall Outalissi roam the world ?  
Seek we thy once-lov'd home ?—  
The hand is gone that cropt its flowers !  
Unheard their clock repeats its hours !—  
Cold is the hearth within their bow'rs !—  
And should we thither roam,  
Its echoes, and its empty tread,  
Would sound like voices from the dead !

XXXVIII.

“ Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,  
Whose streams my kindred nation quaff’d;  
And by my side, in battle true,  
A thousand warriors drew the shaft?  
Ah! there in desolation cold,  
The desert serpent dwells alone,  
Where grass o’ergrows each mould’ring bone,  
And stones themselves to ruin grown,  
Like me, are death-like old.  
Then seek we not their camp—for there—  
The silence dwells of my despair!

XXXIX.

“ But hark, the tramp!—to-morrow thou  
In glory’s fire shalt dry thy tears:  
Ev’n from the land of shadows now  
My father’s awful ghost appears;  
Amidst the clouds that round us roll,  
He bids my soul for battle thirst—  
He bids me dry the last—the first—  
The only tears that ever burst—  
From Outalissi’s soul;—  
Because I may not stain with grief  
The death-song of an Indian chief.”





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**MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.**

1. The first part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various offices of the city of New York.

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## Miscellaneous Poems.

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### Lines written on visiting a Scene in Argyleshire.

At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour,  
I have mus'd in a sorrowful mood,  
On the wind-shaken weeds that embosom the  
    bower,

Where the home of my forefathers' stood.  
All ruin'd and wild is their roofless abode,  
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree ;  
And travell'd by few is the grass-cover'd road,  
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode  
To his hills that encircle the sea.

Yet, wand'ring, I found on my ruinous walk,  
By the dial-stone aged and green,  
One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,  
To mark where a garden had been :  
Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,  
All wild in the silence of Nature it drew  
From each wandering sunbeam a lonely embrace ;  
For the night-weed and thorn overshadow'd the  
    place,

Where the flow'r of my forefathers grew.  
Sweet bud of the wilderness ! emblem of all  
That remains in this desolate heart !  
The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall ;  
But patience shall never depart !  
Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and  
    bright,  
In the days of delusion by fancy combin'd,

With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,  
 Abandon my soul like a dream of the night,  
 And leave but a desert behind.

Be hush'd my dark spirit ! for wisdom condemns  
 When the faint and the feeble deplore :  
 Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems  
 A thousand wild waves on the shore !  
 Through the perils of chance, and the scowl of  
 disdain,

May thy front be unalter'd, thy courage elate !  
 Yea ! even the name I have worshipp'd in vain  
 Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again ;  
 To bear is to conquer our fate.

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### ODE TO WINTER.

WHEN first the fiery-mantled sun  
 His heavenly race began to run,  
 Round the earth and ocean blue  
 His children four the Seasons flew :—

First, in green apparel dancing,  
 The young Spring smiled with angel grace ;  
 Rosy Summer, next advancing,  
 Rush'd into her sire's embrace :—  
 Her bright-hair'd sire, who bade her keep

For ever nearest to his smiles,  
 On Calpe's olive-shaded steep,  
 Or India's citron-cover'd isles.

More remote, and buxom brown,  
 The Queen of vintage bow'd before his throne ;  
 A rich pomegranate gemm'd her crown,  
 A ripe sheaf bound her zone.

But howling Winter fled afar  
 To hills that prop the polar star ;  
 And loves on deer-born car to ride,  
 With barren darkness at his side,

Round the shore where loud Lofoden  
 Whirls to death the roaring whale,  
 Round the hall where Runic Odin  
 Howls his war-song to the gale—  
 Save when adown the ravag'd globe  
 He travels on his native storm,  
 Deflow'ring Nature's grassy robe  
 And trampling on her faded form ;  
 Till light's returning Lord assume  
 The shaft that drives him to his northern field,  
 Of power to pierce his raven plume,  
 And crystal-cover'd shield.

O sire of storms ! whose savage ear  
 The Lapland drum delights to hear,—  
 When Frenzy with her bloodshot eye  
 Implores thy dreadful deity,  
 Archangel power of desolation !  
 (Fast descending as thou art)  
 Say, hath mortal invocation  
 Spells to touch thy stony heart ?  
 Then, sullen Winter ! hear my prayer,  
 And gently rule the ruin'd year ;  
 Nor chill the wand'rer's bosom bare,  
 Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear :  
 To shivering want's unmantled bed  
 Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lend,  
 And mildly on the orphan head  
 Of innocence descend.

But chiefly spare, O king of clouds !  
 The sailor on his airy shrouds,  
 When wrecks and beacons strew the steep,  
 And spectres walk along the deep ;  
 Milder yet thy snowy breezes  
 Pour on yonder tented shores ;\*

\* This Ode was written in Germany at the close of  
 the year 1800, before the conclusion of hostilities.

#### CAMPBELL.

Where the Rhine's broad billow freezes,  
Or the dark brown Danube roars.  
O winds of winter! list ye there  
To many a deep and dying groan?  
Or start, ye demons of the midnight air,  
At shrieks and thunders louder than your own?  
Alas! ev'n your unhallow'd breath  
May spare the victim fallen low;  
But man will ask no truce to death,  
No bounds to human woe.

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#### THE BEECH TREE'S PETITION.

OH! leave this barren spot to me—  
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree.  
Though shrub or flow'ret never grow  
My dark unwarming shade below;  
Nor fruits of autumn, blossom-born,  
My green and glossy leaves adorn;  
Nor murm'ring tribes from me derive  
Th' ambrosial treasure of the hive:  
Yet leave this little spot to me—  
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree.  
Thrice twenty summers I have stood  
In bloomless, fruitless solitude—  
Since childhood in my rustling bower  
First spent its sweet and sportive hour—  
Since youthful lovers in my shade  
Their vows of truth and rapture paid;  
And on my trunk's surviving frame  
Carv'd many a long-forgotten name:  
Oh! by the vows of gentle sound,  
First breath'd upon this sacred ground;  
By all that love hath whisper'd here,  
Or beauty heard with ravish'd ear:  
As love's own altar honour me—  
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree.

## THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sung truce; for the night-cloud had  
low'r'd,

And the sentinel stars set their watch in the  
sky;

And thousands had sunk on the ground over-  
power'd,

The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,  
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the  
slain,

At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw;  
And twice ere the cock-crow I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,  
Far, far, I had roam'd on a desolate track,  
Till autumn and sunshine arose on the way  
To the house of my fathers that welcom'd me  
back.—

I flew to the pleasant fields travers'd so oft  
In life's morning march, when my bosom was  
young,

I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,  
And knew the sweet strain that the corn  
reapers sung.

Then pledg'd we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore  
From my home and my weeping friends never  
to part;

My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,  
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of  
heart.

“Stay—stay with us!—rest!—thou art weary  
and worn!”—

(And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;)   
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,  
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away



## STANZAS TO PAINTING.

O THOU, by whose expressive art  
Her perfect image nature sees  
In union with the Graces start,  
And sweeter by reflection please!

In whose creative hand the hues  
Fresh from yon orient rainbow shine;  
I bless thee, Promethéan Muse!  
And call thee brightest of the Nine!

Possessing more than vocal power,  
Persuasive more than poet's tongue,  
Whose lineage, in a raptur'd hour,\*  
From Love, the lord of nature, sprung.

Does Hope his high possession meet?  
Is Joy triumphant, Sorrow flown?  
Sweet is the trance, the tremor sweet,  
When all we love is all our own.

But oh! thou pulse of pleasure dear,  
Slow throbbing—cold—I feel thee part;  
Lone absence plants a pang severe,  
Or death inflicts a keener dart.

Then for a beam of joy to light  
In memory's sad and wakeful eye!  
Or banish from the noon of night  
Her dreams of deeper agony.

Shall song its witching cadence roll?  
Yea, even the tenderest air repeat,  
That breath'd when soul was knit to soul,  
And heart to heart responsive beat?

\* Alluding to the well known tradition respecting the origin of Painting, that it arose from a young Minthian female tracing the shadow of her lover's lie on the wall, as he lay asleep.

What visions wake! to charm—to melt!  
The lost, the lov'd, the dead are near!  
Oh hush that strain too deeply felt!  
And cease that solace too severe!

But thou serenely silent art!  
By heaven and love wast taught to lend  
A milder solace to the heart,  
The sacred image of a friend.

All is not lost! if yet possessed,  
To me that sweet memorial shine:—  
If, close and closer to my breast,  
I hold that idol all divine.

Or, gazing through luxurious tears,  
Melt o'er the lov'd, departed form,  
Till death's cold image half appears  
With life, and speech, and spirit warm.

She looks—she lives—this tranced hour,  
Her bright eye seems a purer gem  
Than sparkles on the throne of power,  
Or glory's wealthy diadem.

Yes, genius, yes! thy mimic aid  
A treasure to my soul has given,  
Where beauty's canonized shade  
Smiles in the sainted hues of heaven.

No spectre forms of pleasure fled,  
Thy soft'ning, sweet'ning, tints restore;  
For thou canst give us back the dead,  
E'en in the loveliest looks they wore.

Then blest be nature's guardian muse,  
Whose hand her perish'd grace redeems!  
Whose tablet of a thousand hues  
The mirror of creation seems.

From love began thy high descent;  
And lovers, charm'd by gifts of thine,  
Shall bless thee mutely eloquent;  
And call thee brightest of the Nine!

## THE EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin ;  
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill ;  
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight  
repairing,

To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.  
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion ;  
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,  
Where once in the fire of his youthful emotion,  
He sung the bold anthem of Erin-go-bragh.

" Sad is my fate !" said the heart-broken stranger,  
" The wild deer and wolf to a cover can flee ;  
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,  
A home and a country remain not to me.  
Never again in the green sunny bowers,  
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the  
sweet hours ;  
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,  
And strike to the numbers of Erin-go-bragh.

Erin, my country ! though sad and forsaken,  
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;  
But, alas ! in a far foreign land I awaken,  
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no  
more !  
Oh cruel fate ! wilt thou never replace me  
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase  
me !  
Never again shall my brothers embrace me !  
They died to defend me, or live to deplore !

Where is my cabin door, fast by the wild wood ?  
Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall ?  
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood ?  
And where is the bosom-friend dearer than all ?

Ah my sad heart, long abandon'd by pleasure!  
 Why did it dote on a fast fading treasure!—  
 Tears like the rain-drops may fall without  
 measure;  
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet all its sad recollection suppressing,  
 One dying wish my lone bosom can draw:  
 Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!  
 Land of my forefathers, Erin-go-bragh!  
 Buried and cold when my heart stills her motion,  
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!  
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with  
 devotion,  
 Erin, mavournin Erin-go-bragh!\*

GERMAN DRINKING SONG.

SWEET Iser! were thy sunny realm,  
 And flow'ry fountains mine;  
 Thy waters I would shade with elm,  
 To prop the tender vine.  
 My golden flagons I would fill  
 With rosy draughts from every hill;  
 And under each green spreading bower,  
 My gay companions should prolong  
 The feast, the revel, and the song,  
 To many a sportive hour.

Like rivers crimson'd by the beam  
 Of yonder planet bright,  
 Our nectar cups should ever stream  
 Profusion of delight!

\* Ireland, my darling Ireland for ever.

No care should touch the mellow heart,  
And sad or sober none depart,  
(For wine can triumph over woe ;)  
And Love and Bacchus, brother powers,  
Should build in Iser's sunny bowers  
A Paradise below !

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LOCHIEL'S WARNING.<sup>36</sup>

## WIZARD.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel, beware of the day,  
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle  
array !

For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,  
And the clans of Culloden are scatter'd in fight :  
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and  
crown ;

Woe, woe, to the riders that trample them down !  
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,  
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the  
plain.—

But hark ! through the fast flashing lightning  
of war,

What steed to the desert flies frantic and far ?  
'Tis thine, oh Glenullin ! whose bride shall await,  
Like a love lighted watch-fire, all night at the  
gate.

A steed comes at morning : no rider is there ;  
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.  
Weep, Albin !\* to death and captivity led !  
Oh weep ! but thy tears cannot number the dead :  
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,  
Culloden, that reeks with the blood of the brave.

\* The Gaslic appellation of Scotland : more particularly the Highlands.

## LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling  
seer!

Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,  
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,  
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

## WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?  
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be  
torn!

Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth,  
From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the  
north?

Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he  
rode

Companionless, bearing destruction abroad:  
But down let him stoop from his havoc on  
high!

Ah! home let him speed—for the spoiler is  
nigh.

Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the  
blast

Those embers, like stars from the firmament  
cast?

'Tis the fire-show'r of ruin, all dreadfully driven  
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of  
Heaven.

Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,  
Whose banners arise on the battlement's height,  
Heav'n's fire is around thee, to blast and to  
burn;

Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!  
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it  
stood,

And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing  
brood.

## LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshall'd my  
clan:  
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are  
one!  
They are true to the last of their blood and their  
breath,  
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.  
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the  
shock!  
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the  
rock!  
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,  
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;  
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,  
Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud;  
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array——

## WIZARD.

——Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!  
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,  
But man cannot cover what God would reveal:  
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
And coming events cast their shadows before.  
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring  
With the bloodhounds, that bark for thy fugitive  
king.  
Lo! Anointed by Heav'n with the vials of wrath,  
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!  
Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from  
my sight:  
Rise! Rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his  
flight! . . . .  
. . . 'Tis finish'd. Their thunders are hush'd on  
the moors;  
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores;

But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?  
 For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.  
 Say, mounts he the ocean wave, banish'd forlorn,  
 Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and  
 torn?\*

Ah no! for a darker departure is near;  
 The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;  
 His death-bell is tolling; Oh! mercy, dispel  
 Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!  
 Life flutters convuls'd in his quivering limbs,  
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.  
 Accurs'd be the faggots, that blaze at his feet,  
 Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to  
 beat,  
 With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale——

## LOCHIEL.

——Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:  
 For never shall Albin a destiny meet,  
 So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.  
 Though my perishing ranks should be strew'd in  
 their gore,  
 Like ocean weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten  
 shore,  
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,  
 While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,  
 Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,  
 With his back to the field, and his feet to the  
 foe!  
 And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,  
 Look proudly to heav'n from the death-bed of  
 fame.

\* An English historian, after enumerating the severe executions of the Highland rebels, at Culloden, Carlisle, and elsewhere, concludes by informing us, that thousands experienced his majesty's mercy, in being transported for life to the plantations!



## HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,  
When the drum beat, at dead of night,  
Commanding fires of death to light  
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,  
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,  
And furious every charger neigh'd,  
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven;  
Then flew the steed, to battle driven;  
And, louder than the bolts of Heaven,  
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,  
On Linden's hills of stained snow;  
And bloodier yet, the torrent flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,  
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
Who rush to glory, or the grave!  
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,  
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part, where many meet!  
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,  
And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre!

## YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND,

## A NAVAL ODE.

## I.

Ye Mariners of England !  
 That guard our native seas :  
 Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,  
 The battle and the breeze !  
 Your glorious standard launch again  
 To match another foe !  
 And sweep through the deep,  
 While the stormy tempests blow ;  
 While the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy tempests blow.

## II.

The spirits of your fathers  
 Shall start from every wave !—  
 For the deck it was their field of fame,  
 And Ocean was their grave :  
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell  
 Your manly hearts shall glow,  
 As ye sweep through the deep,  
 While the stormy tempests blow ;  
 While the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy tempests blow.

## III.

Britannia needs no bulwark,  
 No towers along the steep ;  
 Her march is on the mountain waves,  
 Her home is on the deep.  
 With thunders from her native oak,  
 She quells the floods below—  
 As they roar on the shore,  
 When the stormy tempests blow ;

When the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy tempests blow.

## IV.

The meteor flag of England  
Shall yet terrific burn ;  
Till danger's troubled night depart,  
And the star of peace return.  
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !  
Our song and feast shall flow  
To the fame of your name,  
When the storm has ceas'd to blow ;  
When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
And the storm has ceas'd to blow.

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G L E N A R A.

O HEARD ye yon pibrach sound sad in the gale,  
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and  
wail ?

'Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear ;  
And her sire, and the people, are call'd to her  
bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud ;  
Her kinsmen they follow'd, but mourn'd not  
aloud :

Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around :  
They march'd all in silence—they look'd on the  
ground.

In silence they reach'd over mountain and moor,  
To a heath, where the oak-tree grew lonely and  
hoar ;

Now here let us place the grey stone of her cairn :  
“ Why speak ye no word ? ”—said Glenara the  
stern.

"And tell me, I charge you! ye clan of my spouse,

"Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows?"

So spake the rude chieftain:—no answer is made,  
But each mantle unfolding a dagger display'd.

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,"  
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud;

"And empty that shroud, and that coffin did seem:

Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

O! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,  
When the shroud was unclos'd, and no lady was seen;

When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn,

'Twas the youth who had lov'd the fair Ellen of Lorn:

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,  
I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief;  
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem;  
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

In dust, low the traitor has knelt to the ground,  
And the desert reveal'd where his lady was found;  
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne,  
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn!

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## BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

### I.

Of Nelson and the North,  
Sing the glorious day's renown,  
When to battle fierce came forth  
All the might of Denmark's crown,

And her arms along the deep proudly shone  
By each gun the lighted brand,  
In a bold determined hand,  
And the Prince of all the land  
Led them on.—

## II.

Like leviathans afloat,  
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;  
While the sign of battle flew  
On the lofty British line:  
It was ten of April morn by the chime:  
As they drifted on their path,  
There was silence deep as death;  
And the boldest held his breath,  
For a time.—

## III.

But the might of England flush'd  
To anticipate the scene;  
And her van the fleeter rush'd  
O'er the deadly space between.  
“Hearts of oak,” our captains cried! when  
each gun  
From its adamant lips  
Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
Like the hurricane eclipse  
Of the sun.—

## IV.

Again! again! again!  
And the havoc did not slack,  
Till a feeble cheer the Dane  
To our cheering sent us back;—  
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—  
Then ceas'd—and all is wail,  
As they strike the shatter'd sail;  
Or, in conflagration pale,  
Light the gloom.—

## V.

Out spoke the victor then,  
As he hail'd them o'er the wave,  
" Ye are brothers ! ye are men !  
And we conquer but to save :—  
So peace instead of death let us bring :  
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,  
With the crews, at England's feet,  
And make submission meet  
To our King."—

## VI.

Then Denmark blest our chief,  
That he gave her wounds repose ;—  
And the sounds of joy and grief,—  
From her people wildly rose ;—  
As death withdrew his shades from the day,  
While the sun look'd smiling bright  
O'er a wide and woeful sight,  
Where the fires of fun'ral light  
Died away.—

## VII.

Now joy, old England, raise !  
For the tidings of thy might,  
By the festal cities' blaze,  
While the wine cup shines in light ;  
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,  
Let us think of them that sleep,  
Full many a fathom deep,  
By thy wild and stormy steep,  
Elsinore !—

## VIII.

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride  
Once so faithful and so true,

On the deck of fame that died,—  
With the gallant good Riou :\*  
Soft sigh the winds of heav'n o'er their grave!  
While the billow mournful rolls,  
And the mermaid's song condoles,  
Singing glory to the souls  
Of the brave!—

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### LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,  
Cries, " Boatman, do not tarry !  
And I'll give thee a silver pound,  
To row us o'er the ferry."—

" Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,  
This dark and stormy water ?"  
" Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,  
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.—

" And fast before her father's men  
Three days we've fled together,  
For should he find us in the glen,  
My blood would stain the heather.

" His horsemen hard behind us ride ;  
Should they our steps discover,  
Then who will cheer my bonny bride  
When they have slain her lover ?"—

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,  
" I'll go, my chief—I'm ready :—  
It is not for your silver bright ;  
But for your winsome lady :

\* Captain Riou, justly entitled the gallant and the good by Lord Nelson, when he wrote home his despatches.

"And by my word! the bonny bird  
In danger shall not tarry;  
So, though the waves are raging white,  
I'll row you o'er the ferry."—

By this the storm grew loud apace,  
The water-wraith was shrieking;\*  
And in the scowl of heav'n each face  
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,  
And as the night grew drearer,  
Adown the glen rode armed men,  
Their trampling sounded nearer.—

"Oh, haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,  
Though tempests round us gather;  
I'll meet the raging of the skies;  
But not an angry father."—

The boat has left a stormy land,  
A stormy sea before her,—  
When, oh! too strong for human hand,  
The tempest gather'd o'er her.—

And still they row'd amidst the roar  
Of waters fast prevailing:  
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,  
His wrath was chang'd to wailing.—

For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade  
His child he did discover:—  
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,  
And one was round her lover.—

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,  
"Across this stormy water:  
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,  
My daughter!—oh my daughter!"—

\* The evil spirit of the waters.



'Twas vain : the loud waves lash'd the shore,  
Return or aid preventing :—  
The waters wild went o'er his child—  
And he was left lamenting.



## NOTES.

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<sup>1</sup> Page 6.—*And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore  
The hardy Byron to his native shore.*

THE following picture of his own distress, given by Byron in his simple and interesting narrative, justifies the description in p. 6. After relating the barbarity of the Indian Cacique to his child, he proceeds thus :—  
“A day or two after, we put to sea again, and crossed the great bay I mentioned we had been at the bottom of, when we first hauled away to the westward. The land here was very low and sandy, and something like the mouth of a river which discharged itself into the sea, and which had been taken no notice of by us before, as it was so shallow that the Indians were obliged to take everything out of their canoe, and carry it over land. We rowed up the river four or five leagues, and then took into a branch of it that ran first to the eastward and then to the northward : here it became much narrower, and the stream excessively rapid, so that we gained but little way, though we wrought very hard. At night we landed upon its banks, and had a most uncomfortable lodging, it being a perfect swamp ; and we had nothing to cover us, though it rained excessively. The Indians were little better off than we, as there was no wood here to make their wigwams ; so that all they could do was to prop up the bark, which they carry in the bottom of their canoes, and shelter themselves as well as they could to the leeward of it. Knowing the difficulties they had to encounter here, they had provided themselves with some seal ; but we had not a morsel to eat, after the heavy fatigues of the day, excepting a sort of root we saw the Indians make use of, which was very disagreeable to the taste. We laboured all next day against

the stream, and fared as we had done the day before. The next day brought us to the carrying place. Here was plenty of wood, but nothing to be got for sustenance. We passed this night as we had frequently done, under a tree ; but what we suffered at this time is not easy to be expressed. I had been three days at the oar, without any kind of nourishment except the wretched root above mentioned. I had no shirt, for it had rotted off by bits. All my clothes consisted of a short grieko (something like a bear-skin), a piece of red cloth which had once been a waistcoat, and a ragged pair of trowsers, without shoes or stockings."

<sup>2</sup> Page 6.—*A Briton and a friend.*

Don Patricio Gedd, a Scotch physician in one of the Spanish settlements, hospitably relieved Byron and his wretched associates, of which the Commodore speaks in the warmest terms of gratitude.

<sup>3</sup> Page 7.—*Or yield the lyre of Heav'n another string.*

The seven strings of Apollo's harp were the symbolical representation of the seven planets. Herschel, by discovering an eighth, might be said to add another string to the instrument.

<sup>4</sup> Page 7.—*The Swedish Sage.* Linnæus.

<sup>5</sup> Page 8.—*Deep from his vaults the Loxian murmurs flow.*

Loxias is a name frequently given to Apollo by Greek writers : it is met with more than once in the Choephoræ of Æschylus.

<sup>6</sup> Page 9.—*Unlocks a generous store at thy command,  
Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand.*

See Exodus, chap. xvii. 3, 5, 6.

<sup>7</sup> Page 13.—*Wild Obi flies.*

Among the negroes of the West Indies, Obi, or ah, is the name of a magical power, which is

believed by them to affect the object of its malignity with dismal calamities. Such a belief must undoubtedly have been deduced from the superstitious mythology of their kinsmen on the coast of Africa. I have therefore personified Obi as the evil spirit of the African, although the history of the African tribes mentions the evil spirit of their religious creed by a different appellation !

<sup>8</sup> Page 13.—*Sibir's dreary mines.*

Mr. Bell of Antermomy, in his travels through Siberia, informs us that the name of the country is universally pronounced Sibir by the Russians.

<sup>9</sup> Page 14.—*Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man !*

The history of the partition of Poland, of the massacre in the suburbs of Warsaw, and on the bridge of Prague, the triumphant entry of Suwarrow into the Polish capital, and the insult offered to human nature by the blasphemous thanks offered up to Heaven, for victories obtained over men fighting in the sacred cause of liberty, by murderers and oppressors, are events generally known.

<sup>10</sup> Page 19.—*The shrill horn blew.*

The negroes in the West Indies are summoned to their morning work by a shell or a horn.

<sup>11</sup> Page 19.—*How long was Timur's iron sceptre  
sway'd ?*

To elucidate this passage, I shall subjoin a quotation from the Preface to "Letters from a Hindoo Rajah," a work of elegance and celebrity.

"The impostor of Mecca had established, as one of the principles of his doctrine, the merit of extending it, either by persuasion, or the sword, to all parts of the earth. How steadily this injunction was adhered to by his followers, and with what success it was pursued, is well known to all who are in the least conversant in history.

"The same overwhelming torrent, which had in

dated the greater part of Africa, burst its way into the very heart of Europe, and covered many kingdoms of Asia with unbounded desolation, directed its baleful course to the flourishing provinces of Hindostan. Here these fierce and hardy adventurers, whose only improvement had been in the science of destruction, who added the fury of fanaticism to the ravages of war, found the great end of their conquests opposed, by objects which neither the ardour of their persevering zeal, nor savage barbarity, could surmount. Multitudes were sacrificed by the cruel hand of religious persecution, and whole countries were deluged in blood, in the vain hope, that by the destruction of a part, the remainder might be persuaded or terrified into the profession of Mahomedism; but all these sanguinary efforts were ineffectual; and at length, being fully convinced that though they might extirpate, they could never hope to convert any number of the Hindoos, they relinquished the impracticable idea with which they had entered upon their career of conquest, and contented themselves with the acquirement of the civil dominion and almost universal empire of Hindostan."—*Letters from a Hindoo Rajah, by Eliza Hamilton.*

<sup>12</sup> Page 20.—*And brav'd the stormy spirit of the Cape.*

See the description of the Cape of Good Hope, translated from Camoens, by Mickle.

<sup>13</sup> Page 20.—*While famish'd nations died along the shore.*

The following account of British conduct, and its consequences, in Bengal, will afford a sufficient idea of the fact alluded to in this passage. After describing the monopoly of salt, betel nut, and tobacco, the historian proceeds thus: "Money in this current came but by drops; it could not quench the thirst of those who waited in India to receive it. An expedient, such as it was, remained to quicken its pace. The natives could live with little salt, but could not want food.

Some of the agents saw themselves well situated for collecting the rice into stores; they did so. They knew the Gentoos would rather die than violate the principles of their religion by eating flesh. The alternative would therefore be between giving what they had, or dying. The inhabitants sunk;—they that cultivated the land, and saw the harvest at the disposal of others, planted in doubt; scarcity ensued. Then the monopoly was easier managed—sickness ensued. In some districts, the languid living left the bodies of their numerous dead unburied.”—*Short History of the English Transactions in the East Indies*, page 145.

<sup>14</sup> Page 21.—*Nine times hath suffering Mercy spar'd in vain.*

Among the sublime fictions of the Hindoo mythology, it is one article of belief, that the Deity Brama has descended nine times upon the world in various forms, and that he is yet to appear a tenth time, in the figure of a warrior upon a white horse, to cut off all incorrigible offenders. Avatar is the word used to express his descent.

<sup>15</sup> Page 21.—*And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime.*

Camdeo is the God of Love in the mythology of the Hindoos. Ganesa and Seriswattee correspond to the Pagan deities, Janus and Minerva.

<sup>16</sup> Page 26.—*The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade!*

“Sacred to Venus is the myrtle shade.”

DRYDEN.

<sup>17</sup> Page 29.—*Thy woes, Arion!*

Falconer, in his poem, “The Shipwreck,” speaks of himself by the name Arion. See *Falconer's Shipwreck*, i. to iii.

<sup>18</sup> Page 30.—*The Robber Moor.*

See Schiller's Tragedy of the Robbers, scene v.

<sup>19</sup> Page 30.—*What millions died—that Caesar might be great.*

The carnage occasioned by the wars of Julius Cæsar has been usually estimated at two millions of men.

<sup>20</sup> Page 30.—*Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore,  
March'd by their Charles to Dneiper's  
swampy shore.*

In this extremity (says the Biographer of Charles XII. of Sweden, speaking of his military exploits before the battle of Pultowa), the memorable winter of 1709, which was still more remarkable in that part of Europe than in France, destroyed numbers of his troops; for Charles resolved to brave the seasons as he had done his enemies, and ventured to make long marches during this mortal cold. It was in one of these marches that two thousand men fell down dead with cold before his eyes.

<sup>21</sup> Page 31.—*For as Iona's saint, a giant form.*

The natives of the Island of St. Iona have an opinion, that on certain evenings every year the tutelary saint, Columba, is seen on the top of the church spires counting the surrounding islands, to see that they have not been sunk by the power of witchcraft.

<sup>22</sup> Page 31.—*And part like Ajut—never to return!*

See the History of Ajut and Anningait in the Rambler.

<sup>23</sup> Page 44.—*From merry mock-bird's song.*

The mocking bird is of the form, but larger, than the thrush; and the colours are a mixture of black, white, and grey. What is said of the nightingale, by its greatest admirers, is, what may with more propriety apply to this bird, who, in a natural state, sings with very superior taste. Towards evening I have heard one begin softly, reserving its breath to swell certain notes, which, by this means, had a most astonishing effect. A gentleman in London had one of these birds

for six years. During the space of a minute he was heard to imitate the wood-lark, chaffinch, blackbird, thrush, and sparrow. In this country (America) I have frequently known the mocking bird; so engaged in this mimicry, that it was with much difficulty I could ever obtain an opportunity of hearing their own natural note. Some go so far as to say, that they have neither peculiar notes, nor favourite imitations. This may be denied. Their few natural notes resemble those of the (European) nightingale. Their song, however, has a greater compass and volume than the nightingale, and they have the faculty of varying all intermediate notes in a manner which is truly delightful.—*Ashe's Travels in America*, vol. ii. p. 73.

<sup>24</sup> Page 44.—*And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan roar.*

The Corybrechtan, or Corbrechtan, is a whirlpool on the western coast of Scotland, near the island of Jura, which is heard at a prodigious distance. Its name signifies the whirlpool of the Prince of Denmark; and there is a tradition that a Danish Prince once undertook, for a wager, to cast anchor in it. He is said to have used woollen instead of hempen ropes, for greater strength, but perished in the attempt. On the shores of Argyleshire I have often listened with great delight to the sound of this vortex, at the distance of many leagues. When the weather is calm, and the adjacent sea scarcely heard on these picturesque shores, its sound, which is like the sound of innumerable chariots, creates a magnificent and fine effect.

<sup>25</sup> Page 47.—*Peace be to thee! my words this belt approve.*

The Indians of North America accompany every formal address to strangers, with whom they form or recognise a treaty of amity, with a present of a string, or belt, of wampum. Wampum (says Cadwallader Colden) is made of the large whelk shell, *Briccinum*, and shaped like long beads: it is the current money of the Indians.—*History of the Five Indian Nations*, p. 34 New York Edition.



<sup>26</sup> Page 47.—*The paths of peace my steps have hither led.*

In relating an interview of Mohawk Indians with the Governor of New York, Colden quotes the following passage as a specimen of their metaphorical manner: "Where shall I seek the chair of peace? Where shall I find it but upon our path? and whither doth our path lead us but unto this house?"

<sup>27</sup> Page 48.—*As when the evil Manitou.*

Everything which they cannot comprehend the cause of is called by them spirit. There are two orders of spirits, the good and the bad. The good is the spirit of dreams, and of all things innocent and inconceivable. The bad is the thunder, the hail, the tempest, and conflagration. The superior good spirit they call, by way of distinction, Kitchi Manitou; and one superior bad spirit is called Matchi Manitou.

<sup>28</sup> Page 49.—*Fever balm and sweet sagamite.*

The fever balm is a medicine used by these tribes; it is a decoction of a bush called the Fever Tree. Sagamite is a kind of soup administered to their sick.

<sup>29</sup> Page 49.—*And I, the eagle of my tribe, have rush'd with this lorn dove.*

The testimony of all travellers among the American Indians who mention their hieroglyphics authorises me in putting this figurative language in the mouth of Outalissi. The dove is among them, as elsewhere, an emblem of meekness; and the eagle, that of a bold, noble, and liberal mind. When the Indians speak of a warrior who soars above the multitude in person and endowments, they say, "he is like the eagle who destroys his enemies, and gives protection and abundance to the weak of his own tribe."

<sup>30</sup> Page 50.—*His calumet of peace.*

To smoke the calumet, or pipe of peace, with any person, is a sacred token of amity among the Indians. The lighted calumet is also used among them for a

purpose still more interesting than the expression of social friendship. The austere manners of the Indians forbid any appearance of gallantry between the sexes in day time ; but at night the young lover goes a calumetting, as his courtship is called. As these people live in a state of equality, and without fear of internal violence or theft in their own tribes, they leave their doors open by night as well as by day. The lover takes advantage of this liberty, lights his calumet, enters the cabin of his mistress, and gently presents it to her. If she extinguishes it she admits his addresses, but if she suffer it to burn unnoticed, he retires with a disappointed and throbbing heart.

<sup>21</sup> Page 50.—*Trained from his tree-rock'd cradle to his bier.*

An Indian child, as soon as he is born, is swathed with clothes, or skins, and being laid on his back, is bound down on a piece of thick board, spread over with soft moss. The board is somewhat larger and broader than the child, and bent pieces of wood, like pieces of hoops, are placed over its face to protect it, so that if the machine were suffered to fall, the child probably would not be injured. When the women have any business to transact at home, they hang the boards on a tree, if there be one at hand, and set them swinging from side to side, like a pendulum, in order to exercise the children.—*Wild*, vol. ii. p. 246.

<sup>22</sup> Page 52. — *Then forth uprose that lone wayfaring man.*

The North American Indians are extremely sagacious and observant, and, by dint of minute attention, acquire many qualifications to which we are wholly strangers. They will traverse a trackless forest, hundreds of miles in extent, without deviating from the straight course, and will reach to a certainty the spot whither they intended to go on setting out ; with equal skill they will cross one of the large lakes, and though out of the sight of the shores for days will, to a certainty, make the land at once at the very place they desired. Som-

of the French missionaries have supposed that the Indians are guided by instinct, and have pretended that Indian children can find their way through a forest as easily as a person of maturer years; but this is a most absurd notion. It is unquestionably by a close attention to the growth of the trees, and position of the sun, that they find their way. On the northern side of a tree there is generally the most moss; and the bark on that side, in general, differs from that on the opposite one. The branches towards the south are, for the most part, more luxuriant than those on the other sides of trees, and several other distinctions also subsist between the northern and southern sides, conspicuous to Indians, being taught from their infancy to attend to them, which a common observer would, perhaps, never notice. Being accustomed from their infancy likewise to pay great attention to the position of the sun, they learn to make the most accurate allowance for its apparent motion from one part of the heavens to another; and, in every part of the day, they will point to the part of the heavens where it is, although the sky be obscured by clouds or mists.

An instance of their dexterity in finding their way through an unknown country came under my observation when I was at Staunton, situated behind the Blue Mountains, Virginia. A number of the Creek nation had arrived at that town on their way to Philadelphia, whither they were going upon some affairs of importance, and had stopped there for the night. In the morning, some circumstance or another, which could not be learned, induced one half of the Indians to set off without their companions, who did not follow until some hours afterwards. When these last were ready to pursue their journey, several of the towns-people mounted their horses to escort them part of the way. They proceeded along the high road for some miles, but, all at once, hastily turning aside into the woods, though there was no path, the Indians advanced confidently forward. The people who accompanied them, surprised at this movement, informed them that they were quitting the road to Philadelphia, and expressed

their fear lest they should miss their companions who had gone on before. They answered, that they knew better, that the way through the woods was the shortest to Philadelphia, and that they knew very well that their companions had entered the wood at the very place where they did. Curiosity led some of the horse-men to go on, and, to their astonishment, for there was apparently no track, they overtook the other Indians in the thickest part of the wood. But what appeared most singular was, that the route which they took was found, on examining a map, to be as direct for Philadelphia as if they had taken the bearings by a mariner's compass. From others of their nation, who had been at Philadelphia at a former period, they had probably learned the exact direction of that city from their villages, and had never lost sight of it, although they had already travelled three hundred miles through the woods, and had upwards of four hundred miles more to go before they could reach the place of their destination. Of the exactness with which they can find out a strange place to which they have been once directed by their own people, a striking example is furnished, I think, by Mr. Jefferson, in his account of the Indian graves in Virginia. These graves are nothing more than large mounds of earth in the woods, which, on being opened, are found to contain skeletons in an erect posture: the Indian mode of sepulture has been too often described to remain unknown to you. But to come to my story. A party of Indians that were passing on to some of the sea-ports on the Atlantic, just as the Creeks, above mentioned, were going to Philadelphia, were observed, all on a sudden, to quit the straight road by which they were proceeding, and, without asking any questions, to strike through the woods, in a direct line, to one of these graves, which lay at the distance of some miles from the road. Now very near a century must have passed over since the part of Virginia, in which this grave was situated, had been inhabited by Indians, and these Indian travellers, who were to visit it by themselves, had unquestionably never been in that part of the country before:

they must have found their way to it simply from the description of its situation that had been handed down to them by tradition.—*Wild's Travels in North America*, vol. ii.

<sup>33</sup> Page 67.—*The Mammoth comes.*

That I am justified in making the Indian chief allude to the mammoth as an emblem of terror and destruction, will be seen by the authority quoted below. Speaking of the mammoth, or big buffalo, Mr. Jefferson states, that a tradition is preserved among the Indians of that animal still existing in the northern parts of America.

“A delegation of warriors from the Delaware tribe having visited the governor of Virginia during the revolution, on matters of business, the governor asked them some questions relative to their country, and, among others, what they knew, or had heard, of the animal whose bones were found at the Salt-licks, on the Ohio. Their chief speaker immediately put himself into an attitude of oratory, and with a pomp suited to what he conceived the elevation of his subject, informed him, that it was a tradition handed down from their fathers, that in ancient times a herd of these tremendous animals came to the Bick-bone-licks, and began an universal destruction of the bear, deer, elk, buffalo, and other animals which had been created for the use of the Indians. That the great Man above looking down and seeing this, was so enraged, that he seized his lightning, descended on the earth, seated himself on a neighbouring mountain on a rock, of which his seat, and the prints of his feet, are still to be seen, and hurled his bolts among them, till the whole were slaughtered except the big bull, who, presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell, but, missing one, at length it wounded him in the side, whereon, springing round, he bounded over the Ohio, over the Wabash, the Illinois, and finally over the great lakes, where he is living at this day.”—*Jefferson's Notes on Virginia*.

<sup>21</sup> Page 67.

*Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,  
With Brandt himself I went to battle forth.*

This Brandt was a warrior of the Mohawk nation, who was engaged to allure by bribes, or to force by threats, many Indian tribes to the expedition against Pennsylvania. His blood, I believe, was not purely Indian, but half German. He disgraced, however, his European descent by more than savage ferocity. Among many anecdotes which are given of him, the following is extracted from a traveller in America, already quoted. "With a considerable body of his troops he joined the troops under the command of Sir John Johnson. A skirmish took place with a body of American troops; the action was warm, and Brandt was shot by a musket-ball in his heel, but the Americans, in the end, were defeated, and an officer, with sixty men, were taken prisoners. The officer, after having delivered up his sword, had entered into conversation with Sir John Johnson, who commanded the British troops, and they were talking together in the most friendly manner, when Brandt, having stolen slyly behind them, laid the American officer low with a blow of his tomahawk. The indignation of Sir John Johnson, as may be readily supposed, was roused by such an act of treachery, and he resented it in the warmest terms. Brandt listened to him unconcernedly, and when he had finished, told him, that he was sorry for his displeasure, but that, indeed, his heel was extremely painful at the moment, and he could not help revenging himself on the only chief of the party that he saw taken. Since he had killed the officer, he added, his heel was much less painful to him than it had been before."—*Wild's Travels*, vol. ii. p. 297.

<sup>22</sup> Page 67.

*To whom nor relative nor blood remains,  
No, not a kindred drop that runs in human veins.*

Every one who recollects the specimen of Indian eloquence given in the speech of Logan, a Mingo chief

to the Governor of Virginia, will perceive that I have attempted to paraphrase its concluding and most striking expression—"There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature." The similar salutation of the fictitious personage in my story, and the real Indian orator, makes it surely allowable to borrow such an expression; and if it appears, as it cannot but appear, to less advantage than in the original, I beg the reader to reflect how difficult it is to transpose such exquisitely simple words, without sacrificing a portion of their effect.

In the spring of 1774, a robbery and murder were committed on an inhabitant of the frontiers of Virginia, by two Indians of the Shawanee tribe. The neighbouring whites, according to their custom, undertook to punish this outrage in a summary manner. Colonel Cresap, a man infamous for the many murders he had committed on those much injured people, collected a party and proceeded down the Kanaway in quest of vengeance; unfortunately a canoe with women and children, with one man only, was seen coming from the opposite shore unarmed, and unsuspecting an attack from the whites. Cresap and his party concealed themselves on the bank of the river, and the moment the canoe reached the shore, singled out their objects, and at one fire killed every person in it. This happened to be the family of Logan, who had long been distinguished as a friend of the whites. This unworthy return provoked his vengeance; he accordingly signalled himself in the war which ensued. In the autumn of the same year a decisive battle was fought at the mouth of the great Kanaway, in which the collected force of the Shawanees, Mingoos, and Delawares, were defeated by a detachment of the Virginian militia. The Indians sued for peace. Logan, however, disdained to be seen among the suppliants; but lest the sincerity of a treaty should be disturbed from which so distinguished a chief abstracted himself, he sent, by a messenger, the following speech to be delivered to Lord Dunmore.

"I appeal to any white man if ever he entered

Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not to eat ; if ever he came cold and hungry, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, Logan is the friend of white men. I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, murdered all the relations of Logan, even my women and children.

"There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature.—This called on me for revenge.—I have fought for it.—I have killed many.—I have fully glutted my vengeance.—For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace—but do not harbour a thought that mine is the joy of fear.—Logan never felt fear.—He will not turn on his heel to save his life.—Who is there to mourn for Logan ? not one !"—*Jefferson's Notes on Virginia.*

“ Page 88.

Lochiel, the chief of the warlike clan of the Camerons, and descended from ancestors distinguished in their narrow sphere for great personal prowess, was a man worthy of a better cause and fate than that in which he embarked, viz., the enterprise of the Stuarts in 1745. His memory is still fondly cherished among the Highlanders, by the appellation of the gentle Lochiel, for he was famed for his social virtues as much as his martial and loyal (though mistaken) magnanimity. His influence was so important among the Highland chiefs, that it depended on his joining with his clan whether the standard of Charles should be raised or not in 1745. Lochiel was himself too wise a man to be blind to the consequences of so hopeless an enterprise, but his sensibility to the point of honour overruled his wisdom. Charles appealed to his loyalty, and he could not brook the reproaches of his Prince. When Charles landed at Borrodale, Lochiel went to meet him, but, on his way, called at his brother's house (Cameron of Fassafarn) and told him on what errand he was going ;



adding, however, that he meant to dissuade the Prince from his enterprise. Fassavern advised him in that case to communicate his mind by letter to Charles. "No," said Lochiel, "I think it due to my Prince to give him my reasons in person for refusing to join his standard." "Brother," replied Fassavern, "I know you better than you know yourself; if the Prince once sets eyes on you, he will make you do what he pleases." The interview accordingly took place, and Lochiel, with many arguments, but in vain, pressed the Pretender to return to France, and reserve himself and his friends for a more favourable occasion, as he had come, by his own acknowledgment, without arms, or money, or adherent; or, at all events, to remain concealed till his friends should meet and deliberate what was best to be done. Charles, whose mind was wound up to the utmost impatience, paid no regard to this proposal, but answered, "that he was determined to put all to the hazard." "In a few days," said he, "I will erect the royal standard, and proclaim to the people of Great Britain, that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors, and to win it or perish in the attempt. Lochiel, who my father has often told me was our firmest friend, may stay at home, and learn from the newspapers the fate of his Prince." "No," said Lochiel, "I will share the fate of my Prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune hath given me any power."

THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
WILLIAM COLLINS.



## ENCOMIUMS ON COLLINS.

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### STANZAS,

WRITTEN BY SCOTT, OF AMWELL,

On his return from Chichester, where he had in vain  
attempted to find the burial-place of Collins.

To view the beauties of my native land,  
O'er many a pleasing, distant scene I rove;  
Now climb the rock, or wander on the strand,  
Or trace the rill, or penetrate the grove.  
From Baia's hills, from Portsea's spreading wave,  
To fair Cicestria's lonely walls I stray;  
To her fam'd Poet's venerated grave,  
Anxious my tribute of respect to pay.  
O'er the dim pavement of the solemn fane,  
Midst the rude stones that crowd the adjoining space  
The sacred spot I seek: but seek in vain—  
In vain I ask—for none can point the place.  
What boots the eye whose quick observant glance  
Marks every nobler, every fairer form?  
What, the skill'd ear that sound's sweet charms  
entrance,  
And the fond breast with generous passion  
warm?  
What boots the power each image to portray,  
The power with force each feeling to express?  
How vain the hope that through life's little day,  
The soul with thought of future fame can bless

While Folly frequent boasts the 'insculptur'd tomb,  
By Flattery's pen inscrib'd with purchas'd  
praise;

While rustic Labour's undistinguish'd doom  
Fond Friendship's hand records in humble  
phrase:

Of Genius oft and Learning worse the lot,  
For them no care, to them no honour shown;  
Alive neglected, and when dead forgot,  
Ev'n COLLINS slumbers in a grave unknown.

### EPITAPH,

BY HAYLEY AND SARGENT.

YE, who the merits of the dead revere,  
Who hold misfortune sacred, genius dear,  
Regard this tomb; where COLLINS' hapless name  
Solicits kindness with a double claim.  
Though Nature gave him, and though Science  
taught

The fire of Fancy, and the reach of thought,  
Severely doom'd to penury's extreme,  
He pass'd, in maddening pain, life's feverish dream;  
While rays of genius only serv'd to show  
The thick'ning horror, and exalt his woe.  
Ye walls that echoed to his frantic moan!  
Guard the due records of this grateful stone.  
Strangers to him, enamour'd of his lays,  
This fond memorial to his talents raise:  
For this, the ashes of a Bard require,  
Who touch'd the tenderest notes of Pity's lyre;  
Who join'd pure Faith to strong poetic powers,  
Who, in reviving Reason's lucid hours,  
Sought on one book his troubled mind to rest,  
And rightly deem'd the Book of God the best.\*

\* The closing couplet of this epitaph alludes to a well-known anecdote related by Dr. Johnson, in his "Lives of the Poets."

## ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

### ECLOGUE I.

SELIM;

OR, THE SHEPHERD'S MORAL.

SCENE—*a valley near Bagdat.* TIME—*the Morning.*

YE Persian maids, attend your poet's lays,  
And hear how shepherds pass their golden days.  
Not all are bless'd whom Fortune's hand sustains  
With wealth in courts; nor all that haunt the  
plains:

Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;  
'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.

Thus Selim sung, by sacred Truth inspir'd:  
Nor praise, but such as Truth bestowed, desir'd;  
Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey'd  
Informing morals to the shepherd maid;  
Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,  
What groves nor streams bestow, a virtuous mind!

When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,  
The radiant morn resum'd her orient pride;  
When wanton gales along the valleys play,  
Breathe on each flower, and bear their sweets  
away;

By Tigris' wandering waves he sat, and sung  
This useful lesson for the fair and young.

"Ye Persian dames," he said, "to you belong—  
Well may they please—the morals of my song:

No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,  
 Grac'd with soft arts, the peopled world around !  
 The morn that lights you, to your loves supplies  
 Each gentler ray delicious to your eyes :  
 For you those flowers her fragrant hands bestow ;  
 And yours the love that kings delight to know.  
 Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,  
 The best kind blessings heaven can grant the fair !  
 Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray  
 Boast but the worth Bassora's pearls display :  
 Drawn from the deep we own their surface bright ;  
 But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light :  
 Such are the maids, and such the charms they  
 boast,

By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.  
 Self-flattering sex ! your hearts believe in vain  
 That love shall blind, when once he fires the swain ;  
 Or hope a lover by your faults to win,  
 As spots on ermine beautify the skin :  
 Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care  
 Each softer virtue that adorns the fair ;  
 Each tender passion man delights to find ;  
 The lov'd perfections of a female mind !

: " Bless'd were the days when Wisdom held her  
 reign,

And shepherd3 sought her on the silent plain ;  
 With Truth she wedded in the secret grove,  
 Immortal Truth ! and daughters bless'd their love.  
 —O haste, fair maids ! ye Virtues, come away !  
 Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way !  
 The balmy shrub for you shall love our shore,  
 By Ind excell'd, or Araby, no more.

" Lost to our fields, for so the fates ordain,  
 The dear deserters shall return again.  
 Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are  
 clear,  
 No lead the train, sweet Modesty, appear :

Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,  
 And shepherd girls shall own thee for their queen:  
 With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,  
 Distrusting all ;—a wise suspicious maid ;—  
 But man the most :—not more the mountain-doe  
 Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe.  
 Cold is her breast like flowers that drink the dew ;  
 A silken veil conceals her from the view.  
 No wild desires amidst thy train be known ;  
 But Faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone :  
 Desponding Meekness, with her downcast eyes,  
 And friendly Pity, full of tender sighs ;  
 And Love the last : by these your hearts approve ;  
 These are the virtues that must lead to love."

Thus sung the swain ; and ancient legends say  
 The maids of Bagdat verified the lay :  
 Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along ;  
 The shepherds lov'd ; and Selim bless'd his song.

## ECLOGUE II.

### HASSAN ;

#### OR, THE CAMEL DRIVER.

SCENE—*the Desert.* TIME—*Mid-day.*

In silent horror o'er the boundless waste  
 The driver Hassan with his camels past :  
 One cruse of water on his back he bore,  
 And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store ;  
 A fan of painted feathers in his hand,  
 To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.  
 The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,  
 And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh ;  
 The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue ;  
 Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view !



With desperate sorrow wild, the affrighted man  
Thrice sigh'd ; thrice struck his breast ; and thus  
began :

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way ! ”

“ Ah ! little thought I of the blasting wind,  
The thirst, or pinching hunger that I find !  
Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage  
When fails this cruse, his unrelenting rage ?  
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign ;  
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine ?

“ Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear  
In all my griefs a more than equal share !  
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,  
Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,  
In vain ye hope the green delights to know  
Which plains more bless'd, or verdant vales be-  
stow :

Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found ;  
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way ! ”

“ Curs'd be the gold and silver which persuade  
Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade !  
The lily peace outshines the silver store ;  
And life is dearer than the golden ore :  
Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,  
To every distant mart and wealthy town.  
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea ;  
And are we only yet repaid by thee ?  
— Ah ! why was ruin so attractive made ?  
Or why fond man so easily betray'd ?  
Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,  
The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song ?  
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,  
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,

Why think we these less pleasing to behold  
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold!

“Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
When first from Schiraz’ walls I bent my way!”

“O cease, my fears!—all frantic as I go  
When thought creates unnumber’d scenes of woe,  
What if the lion in his rage I meet!—  
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:  
And, fearful! oft, when day’s declining light  
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,  
By hunger rous’d, he scours the groaning plain,  
Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train:  
Before them Death with shrieks directs their way,  
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.

“Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
When first from Schiraz’ walls I bent my way!”

“At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,  
If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep:  
Or some swollen serpent twist his scales around,  
And wake to anguish with a burning wound.  
Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,  
From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure!  
They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;  
Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.

“Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
When first from Schiraz’ walls I bent my way!”

“O hapless youth!—for she thy love hath won—  
The tender Zara will be most undone!  
Big swell’d my heart, and own’d the powerful  
maid,

When fast she dropt her tears, as thus she said:  
“Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain:

Whom Zara’s breaking heart implor’d in vain!  
Yet, as thou go’st, may every blast arise  
Weak and unfelt, as these rejected sighs!

Safe o'er the wild, no perils mayst thou see ;  
 No griefs endure; nor weep, false youth, like me."  
 —O let me safely to the fair return ;  
 Say, with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn :  
 O! let me teach my heart to lose its fears,  
 Recall'd by Wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears."

He said; and call'd on heaven to bless the day  
 When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

### ECLOGUE III.

A B R A ;

OR, THE GEORGIAN SULTANA.

SCENE—a Forest. TIME—the Evening.

IN Georgia's land, where Tefflis' towers are seen,  
 In distant view, along the level green,  
 While evening dews enrich the glittering glade,  
 And the tall forests cast a longer shade,  
 What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,  
 Or scent the breathing maize at setting day;  
 Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,  
 Emyra sung the pleasing cares of love.

Of Abra first began the tender strain,  
 Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain:  
 At morn she came those willing flocks to lead,  
 Where lilies rear them in the watery mead;  
 From early dawn the livelong hours she told,  
 Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold;  
 Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,  
 A various wreath of odorous flowers she made:  
 Gay-motley'd pinks\* and sweet jonquills she chose;  
 The violet blue that on the moss-bank grows;

\* These flowers are found in very great abundance  
 of the provinces of Persia.





All-sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there;  
The finish'd chaplet well adorn'd her hair.

Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to stray,  
By Love conducted from the chase away;  
Among the vocal vales he heard her song;  
And sought, the vales and echoing groves among;  
At length he found, and woo'd, the rural maid;  
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.

“Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd;  
And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!”

The royal lover bore her from the plain;  
Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain:  
Oft, as she went, she backward turn'd her view,  
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.  
Fair happy maid! to other scenes remove;  
To richer scenes of golden power and love;  
Go leave the simple pipe, and shepherd's strain;  
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign!

“Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd;  
And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!”

Yet, midst the blaze of courts, she fix'd her love  
On the cool fountain, or the shady grove;  
Still, with the shepherd's innocence, her mind  
To the sweet vale, and flowery mead, inclin'd;  
And, oft as Spring renew'd the plains with  
flowers,

Breath'd his soft gales, and led the fragrant  
hours,

With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,  
The breezy mountains, and the forests green.  
Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!  
Each bore a crook, all-rural, in her hand:  
Some simple lay, of flocks and herds they sung;  
With joy the mountain, and the forest rung.

“Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd;  
And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!”

And oft the royal lover left the care  
 And thorns of state, attendant on the fair;  
 Oft to the shades and low-roof'd cots retir'd;  
 Or sought the vale where first his heart was  
 fir'd:

A russet mantle, like a swain, he wore;  
 And thought of crowns and busy courts no more.

"Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd;  
 And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

Bless'd was the life that royal Abbas led:  
 Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.  
 What if in wealth the noble maid excel?  
 The simple shepherd girl can love as well.  
 Let those who rule in Persia's jewell'd throne  
 Be fam'd for love, and gentlest love alone;  
 Or wreath, like Abbas, full of fair renown,  
 The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.  
 Oh, happy days! the maids around her say;  
 O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away!  
 "Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd;  
 And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

## ECLOGUE IV.

### AGIB AND SECANDER.

OR, THE FUGITIVES.

SCENE—*a Mountain in Circassia.* TIME—*Midnight.*

IN fair Circassia, where, to love inclin'd,  
 Each swain was bless'd, for every maid was kind,  
 At that still hour when awful midnight reigns,  
 And none but wretches haunt the twilight plains;  
 What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,  
 And in radiance through the cloudless sky;

Sad, o'er the dews, two brother shepherds fled  
 Where wildering fear and desperate sorrow led :  
 Fast as they press'd their flight, behind them lay  
 Wide ravag'd plains ; and vaileys stole away :  
 Along the mountain's bending sides they ran,  
 Till, faint and weak, Secander thus began. •

## SECANDER.

“ O stay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,  
 No longer friendly to my life, to fly.  
 Friend of my heart, O turn thee and survey !  
 Trace our sad flight through all its length of  
     way !  
 And first review that long-extended plain,  
 And yon wide groves, already pass'd with pain !  
 Yon ragged cliff, whose dangerous path we tried !  
 And, last, this lofty mountain's weary side !”

## AGIB.

“ Weak as thou art, yet, hapless, must thou  
     know  
 The toils of flight, or some severer woe !  
 Still as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind ;  
 And shrieks and sorrows load the saddening  
     wind :  
 In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,  
 He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.  
 Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,  
 Droops its fair honours to the conquering flame :  
 Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,  
 And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.”

## SECANDER.

“ Unhappy land, whose blessings tempt the  
     sword,  
 In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord  
 In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine  
 To shield the shepherd, and protect the ma



Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,  
 Soft dreams of love and pleasure soothe his mind:  
 Midst fair sultanas lost in idle joy,  
 No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy."

AGIB.

"Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry  
 heat,  
 Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.  
 Sweet to the sight is Zabran's flowery plain:  
 And once by maids and shepherds lov'd in vain!  
 No more the virgins shall delight to rove  
 By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's shady grove;  
 On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,  
 Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flowery vale:  
 Fair scenes! but, ah! no more with peace possess'd,  
 With ease alluring, and with plenty bless'd!  
 No more the shepherds' whitening tents appear,  
 Nor the kind products of a bounteous year;  
 No more the date, with snowy blossoms crown'd!  
 But ruin spreads her baleful fires around."

SECANDER.

"In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,  
 For ever fam'd, for pure and happy loves:  
 In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,  
 Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair!  
 Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send;  
 Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend."

AGIB.

"Ye Georgian swains, that piteous learn from  
 far  
 Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war;  
 Some weightier arms than crooks and staffs  
 prepare,  
 hield your harvest, and defend your fair:

The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,  
Fix'd to destroy, and steadfast to undo.  
Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,  
By lust incited, or by malice led,  
The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,  
Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the  
    way :  
Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,  
To death inur'd, and nurs'd in scenes of woe."

He said ; when loud along the vale was heard  
A shriller shriek ; and nearer fires appear'd :  
The affrighted shepherds, through the dews of  
    night,  
Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their  
    flight.

## O D E S.

---

### T O P I T Y.

O THOU, the friend of man assign'd,  
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,  
And charm his frantic woe:  
When first Distress, with dagger keen,  
Broke forth to waste his destin'd scene,  
His wild unsated foe!

By Pella's<sup>a</sup> bard, a magic name,  
By all the griefs his thought could frame,  
Receive my humble rite:  
Long, Pity, let the nations view  
Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,  
And eyes of dewy light!

But wherefore need I wander wide  
To old Ilissus' distant side,  
Deserted stream, and mute?  
Wild Arun,<sup>b</sup> too, has heard thy strains.  
And Echo, midst my native plains,  
Been sooth'd by Pity's lute.

There first the wren thy myrtles shed  
On gentlest Otway's infant head,  
To him thy cell was shown;  
And while he sung the female heart,  
With youth's soft notes, unspoil'd by art,  
Thy turtles mix'd their own.

<sup>a</sup> Euripides.

<sup>b</sup> The river Arun runs by the village in Sussex  
Otway had his birth.

Come, Pity, come ; by Fancy's aid,  
 E'en now my thoughts, relenting maid,  
 Thy temple's pride design:  
 Its southern site, its truth complete,  
 Shall raise a wild enthusiast heat  
 In all who view the shrine.

There Picture's toil shall well relate,  
 How chance, or hard involving fate,  
 O'er mortal bliss prevail:  
 The buskin'd Muse shall near her stand,  
 And sighing prompt her tender hand,  
 With each disastrous tale.

There let me oft, retir'd by day,  
 In dreams of passion melt away,  
 Allow'd with thee to dwell:  
 There waste the mournful lamp of night,  
 Till, Virgin, thou again delight  
 To hear a British shell!

---

### TO FEAR.

THOU, to whom the world unknown,  
 With all its shadowy shapes, is shown;  
 Who seest, appall'd, th' unreal scene,  
 While Fancy lifts the veil between:  
 Ah Fear! ah frantic Fear!  
 I see, I see thee near.  
 I know thy hurried step; thy haggard eye!  
 Like thee I start: like thee disorder'd fly.  
 For, lo! what monsters in thy train appear!  
 Danger, whose limbs of giant mould  
 What mortal eye can fix'd behold?  
 Who stalks his round, an hideous form,  
 Howling amidst the midnight storm;  
 Or throws him on the ridgy steep  
 Of some loose hanging rock to sleep:

And with him thousand phantoms join'd,  
 Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind :  
 And those, the fiends, who, near allied,  
 O'er Nature's wounds and wrecks preside ;  
 Whilst Vengeance, in the lurid air,  
 Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare :  
 On whom that ravening<sup>a</sup> brood of Fate,  
 Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait :  
 Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,  
 And look not madly wild, like thee !

## EPODE.

In earliest Greece, to thee, with partial choice,  
 The grief-full Muse address'd her infant  
                   tongue ;  
 The maids and matrons, on her awful voice,  
       Silent and pale, in wild amazement hung.  
 Yet he, the bard<sup>b</sup> who first invok'd thy name,  
       Disdain'd in Marathon its power to feel :  
 For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,  
       But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot's  
                   steel.  
 But who is he whom later garlands grace :  
       Who left awhile o'er Hybla's dews to rove,  
 With trembling eyes thy dreary steps to trace,  
       Where thou and furies shar'd the baleful grove ?  
 Wrapt in thy cloudy veil, th' incestuous queen<sup>c</sup>  
       Sigh'd the sad call her son and husband  
                   heard,  
 When once alone it broke the silent scene,  
       And he the wretch of Thebes no more ap-  
                   pear'd.

<sup>a</sup> Alluding to the *Κυνας αφικτρονς* of Sophocles. See the Electra.

<sup>b</sup> Eschylus.

<sup>c</sup> Jocasta.

O Fear, I know thee by my throbbing heart:  
 Thy withering power inspir'd each mournful  
 line;  
 Though gentle Pity claim her mingled part,  
 Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine!

## ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who such weary lengths hast past,  
 Where wilt thou rest, mad Nymph, at last?  
 Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,  
 Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?  
 Or in some hollow'd seat  
 'Gainst which the big waves beat,  
 Hear drowning seamen's cries, in tempests  
 brought?  
 Dark power, with shuddering meek submitted  
 thought,  
 Be mine, to read the visions old  
 Which thy awakening bards have told:  
 And, lest thou meet my blasted view,  
 Hold each strange tale devoutly true;  
 Ne'er be I found, by thee o'eraw'd,  
 In that thrice-hallow'd eve, abroad,  
 When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,  
 Their pebbled beds permitted leave:  
 And goblins haunt, from fire, or fen,  
 Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!

O thou whose spirit most possess'd  
 The sacred seat of Shakspeare's breast!  
 By all that from thy prophet broke,  
 In thy divine emotions spoke;  
 Hither again thy fury deal,  
 Teach me but once like him to feel:  
 His cypress wreath my meed decree,  
 And I O Fear will dwell with thee!

## TO SIMPLICITY.

O THOU, by Nature taught  
 To breathe her genuine thought,  
 In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong;  
 Who first, on mountains wild,  
 In Fancy, loveliest child,  
 Thy babe, or Pleasure's, nurs'd the powers of  
 song!

Thou, who, with hermit heart,  
 Disdain'st the wealth of art,  
 And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall;  
 But com'st a decent maid,  
 In attic robe array'd,  
 O chaste, unboastful Nymph, to thee I call!

By all the honey'd store,  
 On Hybla's thymy shore;  
 By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear;  
 By her<sup>a</sup> whose love-lorn woe,  
 In evening musings slow,  
 Sooth'd sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear:

By old Cephisus deep,  
 Who spread his wavy sweep  
 In warbled wanderings, round thy green retreat:  
 On whose enamell'd side,  
 When holy Freedom died,  
 No equal haunt allur'd thy future feet.

O sister meek of Truth  
 To my admiring youth  
 Thy sober aid and native charms infuse!  
 The flowers that sweetest breathe,  
 Though Beauty cull'd the wreath,  
 Still ask thy hand to range their order'd hues.

\* The *αηδων*, or nightingale, for which Sophocles  
 is to have entertained a peculiar fondness.

While Rome could none esteem  
 But virtue's patriot theme,  
 You lov'd her hills, and led her laureat band :  
 But staid to sing alone  
 To one distinguish'd throne ;  
 And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.  
 No more in hall or bower,  
 The Passions own thy power ;  
 Love, only Love her forceless numbers mean :  
 For thou hast left her shrine ;  
 Nor olive more, nor vine,  
 Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.  
 Though taste, though genius, bless  
 To some divine excess,  
 Faint's the cold work till thou inspire the whole ;  
 What each, what all supply,  
 May court, may charm our eye ;  
 Thou, only thou, canst raise the meeting soul !  
 Of these let others ask,  
 To aid some mighty task,  
 I only seek to find thy temperate vale ;  
 Where oft my reed might sound  
 To maids and shepherds round,  
 And all thy sons, O Nature, learn my tale.

---

#### ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

As once,—if, not with light regard,  
 I read aright that gifted bard,  
 —Him whose school above the rest  
 His loveliest elfin queen has bless'd ;—  
 One, only one unrivall'd<sup>a</sup> fair,  
 Might hope the magic girdle wear,  
 At solemn turney hung on high,  
 The wish of each love-darting eye ;

<sup>a</sup> Florimel. See Spenser, Leg. 4th.



—Lo! to each other nymph, in turn, applied,  
As if, in air unseen, some hovering hand,  
Some chaste and angel-friend to virgin-fame,  
With whisper'd spell had burst the starting  
band,  
It left unblest'd her loath'd dishonour'd side;  
Happier hopeless Fair, if never  
Her baffled hand, with vain endeavour,  
Had touch'd that fatal zone to her denied!

Young Fancy thus, to me divinest name!  
To whom, prepar'd and bath'd in heaven,  
The cest of amplest power is given:  
To few the godlike gift assigns,  
To gird their best prophetic loins,  
And gaze her visions wild, and feel unmix'd her  
flame!

The band, as fairy legends say,  
Was wove on that creating day  
When He, who call'd with thought to birth  
Yon tented sky, this laughing earth,  
And dress'd with springs and forests tall,  
And pour'd the main engirting all,  
Long by the lov'd enthusiast woo'd,  
Himself in some diviner mood,  
Retiring, sat with her alone,  
And plac'd her on his sapphire throne;  
The whiles, the vaulted shrine around,  
Seraphic wires were heard to sound,  
Now sublimest triumph swelling,  
Now on love and mercy dwelling;  
And she, from out the veiling cloud,  
Breath'd her magic notes aloud:  
And thou, thou rich-haired youth of morn,  
And all thy subject life was born!  
The dangerous passions kept aloof,  
Far from the sainted growing woof:

But near it sat ecstatic Wonder,  
 Listening the deep applauding thunder ;  
 And Truth, in sunny vest array'd,  
 By whose the tassel's eyes were made ;  
 All the shadowy tribes of mind,  
 In braided dance, their murmurs join'd,  
 And all the bright uncounted powers  
 Who feed on heaven's ambrosial flowers.  
 —Where is the bard whose soul can now  
 Its high presuming hopes avow ?  
 Where he who thinks, with rapture blind,  
 This hallow'd work for him design'd ?  
 High on some cliff, to heaven up-piled,  
 Of rude access, of prospect wild,  
 Where, tangled round the jealous steep,  
 Strange shades o'erbrow the valleys deep,  
 And holy Genii guard the rock,  
 Its glooms embrown, its springs unlock,  
 While on its rich ambitious head,  
 An Eden, like his own, lies spread.  
 I view that oak, the fancied glades among,  
 By which, as Milton lay, his evening ear,  
 From many a cloud that dropp'd ethereal dew,  
 Nigh spher'd in heaven, its native strains could  
     hear ;  
 On which that ancient trump he reach'd was  
     hung :  
     Thither oft, his glory greeting,  
     From Waller's myrtle shades retreating,  
 With many a vow from Hope's aspiring tongue,  
 My trembling feet his guiding steps pursue ;  
     In vain—Such bliss to one alone,  
     Of all the sons of soul, was known ;  
 And Heaven, and Fancy, kindred powers,  
 Have now o'erturn'd th' inspiring bowers !  
 Or curtain'd close such scenes from every future  
     view.

WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR  
1746.\*

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest  
By all their country's wishes bless'd!  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;  
And Freedom shall awhile repair,  
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

---

### TO MERCY.

#### STROPHE.

O THOU, who sit'st a smiling bride  
By Valour's arm'd and awful side,  
Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best ador'd;  
Who oft with songs, divine to hear,  
Win'st from his fatal grasp the spear,  
And hid'st in wreaths of flow'rs his bloodless  
sword!  
Thou who, amidst the deathful field,  
By godlike chiefs alone beheld,

\* This, and the succeeding ode, seem to have been written on the same occasion—viz., the rebellion in Scotland: the former, in memory of those heroes who fell in defence of their country; the latter, to excite sentiments of compassion in favour of those who became victims to public justice.

Oft with thy bosom bare art found,  
Pleading for him the youth who sinks to ground:  
See, Mercy, see, with pure and loaded hands,  
Before thy shrine my country's genius stands,  
And decks thy altar still, though pierc'd with  
many a wound!

## ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom ev'n our joys provoke,  
The fiend of Nature join'd his yoke,  
And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey,  
Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,  
O'ertook him on his blasted road,  
And stopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away.  
I see recoil his sable steeds  
That bore him swift to savage deeds,  
Thy tender melting eyes they own;  
O maid, for all thy love to Britain shown,  
Where Justice bars her iron tower,  
To thee we build a roseate bower,  
Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and share our  
monarch's throne!

---

TO LIBERTY.

## STROPHE.

Who shall awake the Spartan fire,  
And call in solemn sounds to life  
The youths, whose locks divinely spreading,  
Like vernal hyacinths in sullen hue,  
At once the breath of Fear and Virtue shedding,  
Applauding Freedom lov'd of old to view?  
What new Alcæus,\* fancy-bless'd,  
Shall sing the sword, in myrtles dress'd,

\* Alluding to a beautiful fragment of Alcæus

At Wisdom's shrine awhile its flame concealing,  
 (What place so fit to seal a deed renown'd?)  
 Till she her brightest lightnings round revealing,  
 It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her prompted wound!

O goddess, in that feeling hour,  
 When most its sounds would court thy cars,  
 Let not my shell's misguided power  
 E'er draw thy sad, thy mindful tears.  
 No, Freedom, no; I will not tell  
 How Rome, before thy weeping face,  
 With heaviest sound, a giant-statue, fell,  
 Push'd by a wild and artless race  
 From off its wide ambitious base,  
 When Time his northern sons of spoil awoke,  
 And all the blended work of strength and  
 grace,  
 With many a rude repeated stroke,  
 And many a barbarous yell, to thousand fragments broke.

## EPODE.

Yet ev'n where'er the least appear'd,  
 The' admiring world thy hand rever'd;  
 Still midst the scatter'd states around,  
 Some remnants of her strength were found:  
 They saw, by what escap'd the storm,  
 How wondrous rose her perfect form;  
 How in the great, the labour'd whole,  
 Each mighty master pour'd his soul!  
 For sunny Florence, seat of art,  
 Beneath her vines preserv'd a part,  
 Till they,<sup>b</sup> whom Science lov'd to name,  
 (O who could fear it?) quench'd her flame.

<sup>b</sup> The family of the Medici.

And lo, an humbler relic laid  
 In jealous Pisa's olive shade !  
 See small Marino<sup>c</sup> joins the theme,  
 Though least, not last in thy esteem:  
 Strike, louder strike the' ennobling strings  
 To those,<sup>d</sup> whose merchant sons were kings;  
 To him,<sup>e</sup> who, deck'd with pearly pride,  
 In Adria weds his green-hair'd bride ;  
 Hail ! port of glory, wealth, and pleasure,  
 Ne'er let me change this Lydian measure :  
 Nor e'er her former pride relate,  
 To sad Liguria's<sup>f</sup> bleeding state.  
 Ah, no ! more pleas'd thy haunts I seek,  
 On wild Helvetia's<sup>g</sup> mountains bleak :  
 (Where, when the favour'd of thy choice,  
 The daring archer heard thy voice ;  
 Forth from his eyrie rous'd in dread,  
 The ravening eagle northward fled.)  
 Or dwell in willow'd meads more near,  
 With those<sup>h</sup> to whom thy stork is dear :  
 Those whom the rod of Alva bruis'd,  
 Whose crown a British queen<sup>i</sup> refus'd !  
 The magic works, thou feel'st the strains,  
 One holier name alone remains ;  
 The perfect spell shall then avail,  
 Hail nymph, ador'd by Britain, hail !

## ANTISTROPHE.

Beyond the measure vast of thought,  
 The works, the wizard Time has wrought !  
 The Gaul, 'tis held of antique story,  
 Saw Britain link'd to his now adverse strand,<sup>j</sup>  
 No sea between, nor cliff sublime and hoary,  
 He pass'd with unwet feet through all our land.

<sup>c</sup> The little republic of San Marino.

<sup>d</sup> The Venetians.

<sup>e</sup> The Doge of Venice.

<sup>f</sup> Switzerland.

<sup>g</sup> Genoa.

<sup>h</sup> Queen Elizabeth.

To the blown Baltic, then, they say,  
 The wild waves found another way,  
 Where Orcas howls, his wolfish mountains  
     rounding :

Till all the banded west at once 'gan rise,  
 A wide wild storm e'en Nature's self confounding,  
 Withering her giant sons with strange uncouth  
     surprise.

This pillar'd earth so firm and wide,  
 By winds and inward labours torn,  
 In thunders dread was push'd aside,  
 And down the shouldering billows borne.

And see, like gems, her laughing train,  
 The little isles on ev'ry side,

Mona,<sup>3</sup> once hid from those who search the main,

Where thousand elfin shapes abide,  
 And Wight who checks the westering tide,  
 For thee consenting Heaven has each bestow'd,  
 A fair attendant on her sovereign pride :

To thee this bless'd divorce she ow'd,  
 For thou hast made her vales thy lov'd, thy last  
     abode !

#### SECOND EPODE.

Then, too, 'tis said, an hoary pile,  
 Midst the green navel of our isle,  
 Thy shrine in some religious wood,  
 O soul-enforcing goddess, stood !  
 There oft the painted native's feet  
 Were wont thy form celestial meet:  
 Though now with hopeless toil we trace  
 Time's backward rolls, to find its place ;  
 Whether the fiery-tressed Dane,  
 Or Roman's self o'erturn'd the fane,  
 Or in what heav'n-left age it fell,  
 'Twere hard for modern song to tell.  
 Yet still, if Truth those beams infuse  
 Which guide at once, and charm the Muse,

Beyond yon braided clouds that lie,  
Paving the light-embroider'd sky,  
Amidst the bright pavilion'd plains,  
The beauteous model still remains.  
There, happier than in islands bless'd,  
Or bow'rs by Spring or Hebe dress'd,  
The chiefs who fill our Albion's story,  
In warlike weeds, retir'd in glory,  
Hear their consorted Druids sing  
Their triumphs to the' immortal string.

How may the Poet now unfold  
What never tongue or numbers told?  
How learn, delighted and amaz'd,  
What hands unknown that fabric rais'd?  
E'en now before his favour'd eyes,  
In gothic pride, it seems to rise!  
Yet Græcia's graceful orders join,  
Majestic through the mix'd design;  
The secret builder knew to choose  
Each sphere-found gem of richest hues:  
Whate'er heav'n's purer mould contains,  
When nearer suns emblaze its veins;  
There on the walls the patriot's sight  
May ever hang with fresh delight,  
And, grav'd with some prophetic rage,  
Read Albion's fame through every age.

Ye forms divine, ye laureat band,  
That near her inmost altar stand!  
Now soothe her, to her blissful train  
Blithe Concord's social form to gain:  
Concord, whose myrtle wand can steep  
E'en Anger's blood-shot eyes in sleep:  
Before whose breathing bosom's balm  
Rage drops his steel, and storms grow calm;  
Her let our sires and matrons hoar  
Welcome to Britain's ravag'd shore;  
Our youths, enamour'd of the fair,  
Play with the tangles of her hair,



Till, in one loud applauding sound,  
The nations shout to her around,  
O how supremely art thou bless'd,  
Thou, lady—thou shalt rule the west!

---

### TO A LADY:

ON THE DEATH OF COLONEL ROSS, IN THE ACTION  
AT FONTENOY,

Written in May, 1745.

WHILE, lost to all his former mirth,  
Britannia's genius bends to earth,  
And mourns the fatal day:  
While stain'd with blood he strives to tear  
Unseemly from his sea-green hair  
The wreaths of cheerful May:

The thoughts which musing Pity pays  
And fond Remembrance loves to raise,  
Your faithful hours attend:  
Still Fancy, to herself unkind,  
Awakes to grief the soften'd mind,  
And paints the bleeding friend.

By rapid Scheld's descending wave  
His country's vows shall bless the grave,  
Where'er the youth is laid:  
That sacred spot the village hind  
With every sweetest turf shall bind,  
And Peace protect the shade.

Bless'd youth, regardful of thy doom,  
Aërial hands shall build thy tomb,  
With shadowy trophies crown'd:  
Whilst Honour, bath'd in tears, shall rove  
To sigh thy name through ev'ry grove,  
And call his heroes round.

The warlike dead of every age,  
Who fill the fair recording page,  
Shall leave their sainted rest;  
And, half-reclining on his spear,  
Each wondering chief by turns appear,  
To hail the blooming guest.

Old Edward's sons, unknown to yield,  
Shall crowd from Cressy's laurel'd field,  
And gaze with fix'd delight;  
Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,  
Again they snatch the gleamy steel,  
And wish the avenging fight.

But lo, where, sunk in deep despair,  
Her garments torn, her bosom bare,  
Impatient Freedom lies!  
Her matted tresses madly spread,  
To every sod, which wraps the dead,  
She turns her joyless eyes.

Ne'er shall she leave that lowly ground  
Till notes of triumph bursting round  
Proclaim her reign restor'd:  
Till William seek the sad retreat,  
And, bleeding at her sacred feet,  
Present the sated sword.

If, weak to soothe so soft an heart,  
These pictur'd glories nought impart,  
To dry thy constant tear:  
If yet, in Sorrow's distant eye,  
Expos'd and pale thou seest him lie,  
Wild War insulting near:

Where'er from time thou court'st relief,  
The Muse shall still, with social grief,  
Her gentlest promise keep:  
E'en humble Harting's cottag'd vale  
Shall learn the sad repeated tale,  
And bid her shepherds weep.

## TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,  
May hope, O pensive Eve, to soothe thine ear,\*  
    Like thy own brawling springs,  
    Thy springs, and dying gales ;

O Nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd  
    sun  
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,  
    With brede ethereal wove,  
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat  
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing;  
    Or where the beetle winds  
    His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,  
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum :  
    Now teach me, maid compos'd,  
    To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy dark'ning  
    vale,

May not unseemly with its stillness suit ;  
    As, musing slow, I hail  
    Thy genial lov'd return

For when thy folding-star arising shows  
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp  
    The fragrant Hours, and Elves  
    Who slept in buds the day,

\* May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,  
    Like thy own solemn springs, &c.

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows  
    with sedge,  
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still,  
The pensive Pleasures sweet,  
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene ;  
Or find some ruin, midst its dreary dells,  
    Whose walls more awful nod  
By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,  
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,  
    That, from the mountain's side,  
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires ;  
And hears their simple bell ; and marks o'er all  
    Thy dewy fingers draw  
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he  
    wont,  
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !  
    While Summer loves to sport  
Beneath thy lingering light ;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves ;  
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,  
    Affrights thy shrinking train,  
And rudely rends thy robes ;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,  
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,  
    Thy gentlest influence own,  
And love thy favourite name !

## TO PEACE.

O THOU, who bad'st thy turtles bear  
Swift from his grasp thy golden hair,  
And sought'st thy native skies ;  
When War, by vultures drawn from far,  
To Britain bent his iron car,  
And bade his storms arise !

Tir'd of his rude tyrannic sway,  
Our youth shall fix some festive day,  
His sullen shrines to burn :  
But thou who hear'st the turning spheres,  
What sounds may charm thy partial ears,  
And gain thy bless'd return !

O Peace, thy injur'd robes up-bind !  
O rise! and leave not one behind  
Of all thy beamy train !  
The British Lion, goddess sweet,  
Lies stretch'd on earth, to kiss thy feet,  
And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy transient smile,  
But come to grace thy western isle,  
By warlike Honour led ;  
And, while around her ports rejoice,  
While all her sons adore thy choice,  
With him for ever wed !

---

THE MANNERS.

FAREWELL, for clearer ken design'd,  
The dim-discover'd tracts of mind ;  
Truths which, from action's paths retir'd,  
My silent search in vain requir'd !  
No more my sail that deep explores ;  
No more I search those magic shores ;

What regions part the world of soul,  
Or whence thy streams, Opinion, roll :  
If e'er I round such fairy field,  
Some pow'r impart the spear and shield  
At which the wizard Passions fly ;  
By which the giant Follies die !

Farewell the porch, whose roof is seen  
Arch'd with the enlivening olive's green :  
Where Science, prank'd in tissued vest,  
By Reason, Pride, and Fancy, dress'd,  
Comes, like a bride, so trim array'd,  
To wed with Doubt in Plato's shade.

Youth of the quick uncheated sight,  
Thy walks, Observance, more invite !  
O thou, who lov'st that ampler range  
Where life's wide prospects round thee change,  
And, with her mingled sons allied,  
Throw'st the prattling page aside,  
To me, in converse sweet, impart  
To read in man the native heart ;  
To learn where Science sure is found,  
From Nature as she lives around ;  
And, gazing oft her mirror true,  
By turns each shifting image view !  
Till meddling Art's officious lore  
Reverse the lessons taught before ;  
Alluring from a safer rule,  
To dream in her enchanted school :  
Thou, Heav'n, whate'er of great we boast,  
Hast bless'd this social science most.

Retiring hence to thoughtful cell,  
As Fancy breathes her potent spell,  
Not vain she finds the charming task,  
In pageant quaint, in motley mask ;  
Behold before her musing eyes,  
The countless Manners round her rise :

While, ever varying as they pass,  
 To some Contempt applies her glass;  
 With these the white-rob'd maids combine!  
 And those the laughing Satyrs join!  
 But who is he whom now she views,  
 In robe of wild contending hues?  
 Thou by the Passions nurs'd; I greet  
 The comic sock that binds thy feet!  
 O Humour, thou whose name is known  
 To Britain's favour'd isle alone:  
 Me, too, amidst thy band admit;  
 There where the young-eyed healthful Wit,  
 (Whose jewels in his crisped hair  
 Are plac'd each other's beams to share;  
 Whom no delights from thee divide)  
 In laughter loos'd, attends thy side!

By old Miletus,\* who so long  
 Has ceas'd his love-inwoven song;  
 By all you taught the Tuscan maids,  
 In chang'd Italia's modern shades;  
 By him,<sup>b</sup> whose knight's distinguish'd name  
 Refin'd a nation's lust of fame;  
 Whose tales e'en now, with echoes sweet,  
 Castalia's Moorish hills repeat:  
 Or him,<sup>c</sup> whom Seine's blue nymphs deplore,  
 In watchet weeds on Gallia's shore;  
 Who drew the sad Sicilian maid,  
 By virtues in her sire betray'd.

O Nature boon, from whom proceed  
 Each forceful thought, each prompted deed;  
 If but from thee I hope to feel,  
 On all my heart imprint thy seal!

\* Alluding to the Milesian tales, some of the earliest romances.

<sup>b</sup> Cervantes.

<sup>c</sup> Sage, who died at Paris in the year 1745.

Let some retreating Cynic find  
 Those oft-turn'd scrolls I leave behind;  
 The Sports and I this hour agree,  
 To rove thy scene-full world with thee!

### THE PASSIONS.

#### FOR MUSIC.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,  
 While yet in early Greece she sung,  
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,  
 Throng'd around her magic cell,  
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,  
 Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting;  
 By turns they felt the glowing mind  
 Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd;  
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,  
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,  
 From the supporting myrtles round  
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound;  
 And, as they oft had heard apart  
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,  
 Each (for madness rul'd the hour)  
 Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,  
 Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,  
 And back recoil'd he knew not why,  
 Even at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd; his eyes on fire,  
 In lightnings own'd his secret stings:  
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,  
 And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair—  
 Low, sullen sounds his grief beguil'd;  
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air;  
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.



But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,  
What was thy delighted measure?  
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,  
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!  
Still would her touch the strain prolong;  
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,  
She call'd on Echo still, through all the song;  
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,  
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;  
And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her  
golden hair.

And longer had she sung:—but, with a frown,  
Revenge impatient rose:  
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder  
down;  
And, with a withering look,  
The war-denouncing trumpet took,  
And blew a blast so loud and dread,  
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!  
And, ever and anon, he beat  
The doubling drum, with furious heat;  
And, though sometimes, each dreary pause  
between,  
Dejected Pity, at his side,  
Her soul-subduing voice applied,  
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,  
While each strain'd ball of sight seem bursting  
from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd:  
Sad proof of thy distressful state!  
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd;  
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd  
on Hate.

With eyes up-rais'd, as one inspir'd,  
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd;  
And, from her wild sequester'd seat,  
notes by distance made more sweet,

Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive  
soul :

And dashing soft from rocks around,  
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;  
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure  
stole,

Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,  
Round an holy calm diffusing,  
Love of peace, and lonely musing,  
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O ! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone,  
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,  
Her bow across her shoulder flung,  
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew ;  
Blew an aspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,  
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known.  
The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-ey'd  
Queen,

Satyrs and Sylvan Boys were seen  
Peeping from forth their alleys green :  
Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear ;  
And Sport leap'd up, and seiz'd his beechen  
spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial :  
He, with viny crown advancing,  
First to the lively pipe his hand address'd :  
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,  
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the  
best :

They would have thought who heard the strain  
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,  
Amidst the festal sounding shades,  
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,  
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,  
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round :  
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ;

And he, amidst his frolic play,  
As if he would the charming air repay,  
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,  
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!  
Why, goddess! why, to us denied,  
Layst thou thy ancient lyre aside?  
As, in that lov'd Athenian bower,  
You learn'd an all-commanding power,  
Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endear'd,  
Can well recal what then it heard,  
Where is thy native simple heart,  
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?  
Arise, as in that elder time,  
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!  
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,  
Fill thy recording Sister's page—  
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,  
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,  
Had more of strength, diviner rage,  
Than all which charms this laggard age;  
E'en all at once together found,  
Cecilia's mingled world of sound—  
O bid our vain endeavours cease;  
Revive the just designs of Greece:  
Return in all thy simple state!  
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

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### ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

THE SCENE OF THE FOLLOWING STANZAS IS SUPPOSED  
TO LIE ON THE THAMES, NEAR RICHMOND.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,  
Where slowly winds the stealing wave!  
Year's best sweets shall duteous rise,  
Deck its Poet's sylvan grave!

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds  
 His airy harp<sup>a</sup> shall now be laid;  
 That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,  
 May love through life the soothing shade.  
 Then maids and youths shall linger here;  
 And while its sounds at distance swell,  
 Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear  
 To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.  
 Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,  
 When Thames in summer wreaths is dress'd;  
 And oft suspend the dashing oar,  
 To bid his gentle spirit rest!  
 And, oft as ease and health retire  
 To breezy lawn, or forest deep,  
 The friend shall view yon whitening<sup>b</sup> spire,  
 And mid the varied landscape weep.  
 But thou who own'st that earthly bed,  
 Ah! what will every dirge avail!  
 Or tears which Love and Pity shed,  
 That mourn beneath the gliding sail!  
 Yet lives there one whose heedless eye  
 Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?  
 With him, sweet bard! may Fancy die;  
 And Joy desert the blooming year.  
 But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide  
 No sedge-crown'd Sisters now attend,  
 Now waft me from the green hill's side  
 Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!  
 And see, the fairy valleys fade;  
 Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view!  
 Yet once again, dear parted shade,  
 Meek Nature's Child, again adieu!

<sup>a</sup> The harp of Æolus, of which see a description in  
 "The Castle of Indolence."

<sup>b</sup> Richmond Church, in which Thomson was buried.

The genial meads,<sup>5</sup> assign'd to bless  
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom ;  
There hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress,  
With simple hands, thy rural tomb.

Long, long thy stone and pointed clay,<sup>6</sup>  
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes :  
O ! vales, and wild woods, shall he say,  
In yonder grave your Druid lies !

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### DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

SUNG BY GUIDERUS AND ARVIRAGUS OVER FIDELE,  
SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb  
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring  
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,  
And rife all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear  
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove ;  
But shepherd lads assemble here,  
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen ;  
No goblins lead their nightly crew :  
The female fays shall haunt the green,  
And dress thy grave with pearly dew !

The redbreast oft, at evening hours,  
Shall kindly lend his little aid,  
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,  
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,  
In tempests shake the sylvan cell ;  
Or midst the chase, on every plain,  
The tender thought on thee shall dwell :

Each lonely scene shall thee restore ;  
For thee the tear be duly shed ;  
Belov'd, till life can charm no more,  
And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.

---

## VERSES

RITTEN ON A PAPER WHICH CONTAINED A  
PIECE OF BRIDE-CAKE.

YE curious hands, that hid from vulgar eyes,  
By search profane shall find this hallow'd cake ;  
With virtue's awe forbear the sacred prize,  
Nor dare a theft, for love and pity's sake !

This precious relic, form'd by magic power,  
Beneath the shepherd's haunted pillow laid,  
Was meant by love to charm the silent hour,  
The secret present of a matchless maid.

The Cyprian queen, at Hymen's fond request,  
Each nice ingredient chose with happiest art ;  
Fears, sighs, and wishes of the' enamour'd breast,  
And pains that please, are mix'd in every part.

With rosy hand the spicy fruit she brought,  
From Paphian hills, and fair Cytherea's isle ;  
And temper'd sweet with these the melting  
thought,

The kiss ambrosial, and the yielding smile.

Ambiguous looks, that scorn and yet relent,  
Denials mild, and firm, unalter'd truth ;  
Reluctant pride, and amorous faint consent,  
And meeting ardours, and exulting youth.

Sleep, wayward god ! hath sworn, while these  
remain,

With flattering dreams to dry his nightly tear,  
And cheerful Hope, so oft invoc'd in vain,  
With fairy songs shall soothe his pensive ear.

If, bound by vows to Friendship's gentle side,  
 And fond of soul, thou hop'st an equal grace,  
 If youth or maid thy joys and griefs divide,  
 O, much entreated, leave this fatal place.

Sweet Peace, who long hath shunn'd my plaintive  
 day,

Consents at length to bring me short delight,  
 Thy careless steps may scare her doves away,  
 And grief with raven-note usurp the night.

TO MISS AURELIA C—R,<sup>7</sup>

ON HER WEEPING AT HER SISTER'S WEDDING.

CEASE, fair Aurelia, cease to mourn;  
 Lament not Hannah's happy state:  
 You may be happy in your turn,  
 And seize the treasure you regret.

With love united Hymen stands,  
 And softly whispers to your charms—  
 "Meet but your lover in my bands,  
 You'll find your sister in his arms."

AN EPISTLE,

ADDRESSED TO SIR THOMAS HANMER, ON HIS  
 EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE'S WORKS.<sup>8</sup>

WHILE, born to bring the Muse's happier days,  
 A patriot's hand protects a poet's lays,  
 While nurs'd by you she sees her myrtles bloom,  
 Green and unwither'd o'er his honour'd tomb;  
 Excuse her doubts, if yet she fears to tell  
 What secret transports in her bosom swell;  
 With conscious awe she hears the critic's fame,  
 And blushing hides her wreath at Shakspeare's  
 name.

Hard was the lot those injur'd strains endur'd,  
 Unown'd by Science, and by years obscur'd:  
 Fair Fancy wept; and echoing sighs confess'd  
 A fix'd despair in every tuneful breast.  
 Not with more grief the afflicted swains appear,  
 When wintry winds deform the plenteous year;  
 When lingering frosts the ruin'd seats invade,  
 Where Peace resorted, and the Graces played.

Each rising art by just gradation moves:  
 Toil builds on toil; and age on age improves:  
 The Muse alone unequal dealt her rage,  
 And grac'd with noblest pomp her earliest stage.  
 Preserv'd through time, the speaking scenes im-  
 part

Each changeful wish of Phædra's tortur'd heart;  
 Or paint the curse that mark'd the Theban's<sup>a</sup>  
 reign;

A bed incestuous, and a father slain.  
 With kind concern our pitying eyes o'erflow;  
 Trace the sad tale, and own another's woe.

To Rome remov'd, with wit secure to please,  
 The comic Sisters kept their native ease:  
 With jealous fear, declining Greece beheld  
 Her own Menander's art almost excell'd;  
 But every Muse essay'd to raise in vain  
 Some labour'd rival of her tragic strain:  
 Ilyssus' laurels, though transferr'd with toil,  
 Droop'd their fair leaves, nor knew the unfriend-  
 soil.

As arts expir'd, resistless Dulness rose;  
 Goths, priests, or Vandals—all were Learning's  
 foes,  
 Till Julius<sup>b</sup> first recall'd each exil'd maid;  
 And Cosmo own'd them in the Etrurian shade:

<sup>a</sup> The *Œdipus* of Sophocles.

<sup>b</sup> Julius II. the immediate predecessor of Leo X.



Then deeply skill'd in love's engaging theme,  
 The soft Provençal pass'd to Arno's stream :  
 With graceful ease the wanton lyre he strung ;  
 Sweet flow'd the lays—but love was all he sung.  
 The gay description could not fail to move ;  
 For, led by nature, all are friends to love.

But Heaven, still various in its works, decreed  
 The perfect boast of time should last succeed.  
 The beauteous union must appear at length,  
 Of Tuscan fancy, and Athenian strength :  
 One greater Muse Eliza's reign adorn,  
 And even a Shakspeare to her fame be born !

Yet ah ! so bright her morning's opening ray,  
 In vain our Britain hop'd an equal day !  
 No second growth the western isle could bear,  
 At once exhausted with too rich a year.  
 Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part ;  
 Nature in him was almost lost in art.  
 Of softer mould the gentle Fletcher came,  
 The next in order as the next in name :  
 With pleas'd attention, midst his scenes we find  
 Each glowing thought that warms the female  
     mind ;  
 Each melting sigh, and every tender tear ;  
 The lover's wishes, and the virgin's fear.  
 His<sup>c</sup> every strain the Smiles and Graces own ;  
 But stronger Shakspeare felt for man alone :  
 Drawn by his pen, our ruder passions stand  
 The unrivall'd picture of his early hand.  
 With<sup>o</sup> gradual steps and slow, exacter France  
 Saw Art's fair empire o'er her shores advance :  
 By length of toil a bright perfection knew,  
 Correctly bold, and just in all she drew :

<sup>c</sup> Their characters are thus distinguished by Mr.  
 Ten.

Till late Corneille, with Lucan's<sup>d</sup> spirit fir'd,  
 Breath'd the free strain, as Rome and he inspir'd:  
 And classic judgment gain'd to sweet Racine  
 The temperate strength of Maro's chaster line.

But wilder far the British laurel spread,  
 And wreaths less artful crown our Poet's head.  
 Yet he alone to every scene could give  
 The' historian's truth, and bid the manners live.  
 Wak'd at his call I view, with glad surprise,  
 Majestic forms of mighty monarchs rise.  
 There Henry's trumpets spread their loud alarms;  
 And laurell'd Conquest waits her hero's arms.  
 Here gentle Edward claims a pitying sigh,  
 Scarce born to honours, and so soon to die!  
 Yet shall thy throne, unhappy infant, bring  
 No beam of comfort to the guilty king!  
 The time<sup>e</sup> shall come when Glo'ster's heart shall  
 bleed,  
 In life's last hours, with horror of the deed;  
 When dreary visions shall at last present  
 Thy vengeful image in the midnight tent:  
 Thy hand unseen the secret death shall bear:  
 Blunt the weak sword, and break th' oppressive  
 spear!

Where'er we turn, by Fancy charm'd, we find  
 Some sweet illusion of the cheated mind.  
 Oft, wild of wing, she calls the soul to rove  
 With humbler nature, in the rural grove;  
 Where swains contented own the quiet scene,  
 And twilight fairies tread the circled green:  
 Dress'd by her hand, the woods and valleys smile,  
 And Spring diffusive decks the' enchanted isle.

<sup>d</sup> The favourite author of the elder Corneille.

<sup>e</sup> Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum  
 Intactum Pallanta, &c. *Virg*

O ! more than all in powerful genius bless'd,  
Come, take thine empire o'er the willing breast !  
Whate'er the wounds this youthful heart shall  
feel,

Thy songs support me, and thy morals heal !  
There every thought the Poet's warmth may  
raise ;

There native music dwells in all the lays.  
O might some verse with happier skill persuade  
Expressive Picture to adopt thine aid !  
What wondrous draughts might rise from every  
page !

What other Raphaels charm a distant age.

Methinks e'en now I view some free design  
Where breathing Nature lives in every line :  
Chaste and subdued the modest lights decay,  
Steal into shades, and mildly melt away.  
And see where Anthony,<sup>†</sup> in tears approv'd,  
Guards the pale relics of the chief he lov'd :  
O'er the cold corse the warrior seems to bend,  
Deep sunk in grief, and mourns his murder'd  
friend !

Still as they press, he calls on all around,  
Lifts the torn robe, and points the bleeding  
wound.

But who<sup>\*</sup> is he, whose brows exalted bear  
A wrath impatient and a fiercer air ?  
Awake to all that injur'd worth can feel,  
On his own Rome he turns the avenging steel ;  
Yet shall not war's insatiate fury fall  
(So heaven ordains it) on the destin'd wall.  
See the fond mother, midst the plaintive train,  
Hung on his knees, and prostrate on the plain !

<sup>†</sup> See the tragedy of Julius Cæsar.

<sup>\*</sup> Coriolanus.

Touch'd to the soul, in vain he strives to hide  
The son's affection in the Roman's pride :  
O'er all the man conflicting passions rise ;  
Rage grasps the sword, while Pity melts the eyes.

Thus, generous Critic, as thy Bard inspires,  
The sister Arts shall nurse their drooping fires ;  
Each from his scenes her stores alternate bring ;  
Blend the fair tints, or wake the vocal string :  
Those Sibyl-leaves, the sport of every wind,  
(For poets ever were a careless kind,)  
By thee dispos'd, no farther toil demand,  
But, just to Nature, own thy forming hand.

So spread o'er Greece, the harmonious whole  
unknown,  
Even Homer's numbers charm'd by parts alone.  
Their own Ulysses scarce had wander'd more,  
By winds and waters cast on every shore :  
When, rais'd by fate, some former Hanmer  
join'd  
Each beauteous image of the boundless mind ;  
And bade, like thee, his Athens ever claim  
A fond alliance with the Poet's name.

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## ODE

ON THE POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HIGH-  
LANDS OF SCOTLAND :

CONSIDERED AS THE SUBJECT OF POETRY.

INSCRIBED TO MR. JOHN HOME.

HOME! thou return'st from Thames, whose  
naiads long  
Have seen thee lingering with a fond delay,  
Mid those soft friends, whose hearts, some  
future day,  
Shall melt, perhaps, to hear thy tragic song.

Go, not unmindful of that corcual youth<sup>a</sup>  
Whom, long endear'd, thou leav'st by Lavant's  
side :

Together let us wish him lasting truth,  
And joy untainted, with his destin'd bride.  
Go! nor regardless, while these numbers boast  
My short-liv'd bliss, forget my social name ;  
But think, far off, how, on the southern coast,  
I met thy friendship with an equal flame !  
Fresh to that soil thou turn'st, where every vale  
Shall prompt the Poet, and his song demand :  
To thee thy copious subjects ne'er shall fail ;  
Thou need'st but take thy pencil to thy hand,  
And paint what all believe, who own thy genial  
land.

There, must thou wake perforce thy Doric quill ;  
'Tis Fancy's land to which thou sett'st thy  
feet ;

Where still, 'tis said, the fairy people meet,  
Beneath each birken shade, on mead or hill.  
There, each trim lass, that skims the milky store,  
To the swart tribes their creamy bowls allots ;  
By night they sip it round the cottage door,  
While airy minstrels warble jocund notes.  
There, every herd, by sad experience, knows  
How, wing'd with fate, their elf-shot arrows fly,  
When the sick ewe her summer food foregoes,  
Or, stretch'd on earth, the heart-smit heifers  
lie.

Such airy beings awe the' untutor'd swain ;  
Nor thou, though learn'd, his homelier thoughts  
neglect ;

Let thy sweet Muse the rural faith sustain ;  
These are the themes of simple, sure effect,

<sup>a</sup> A gentleman of the name of Barrow, who introduced Home to Collins.

That add new conquests to her boundless reign,  
And fill, with double force, her heart-com-  
manding strain.

E'en yet preserv'd, how often mayst thou hear,  
Where to the pole the Boreal mountains run,  
Taught by the father to his listening son,  
Strange lays, whose power had charm'd a  
Spenser's ear.

At every pause, before thy mind possess'd,  
Old Runic bards shall seem to rise around,  
With uncouth lyres, in many-colour'd vest,  
Their matted hair with boughs fantastic  
crown'd:

Whether thou bidd'st the well-taught hind repeat  
The choral dirge, that mourns some chieftain  
brave,

When every shrieking maid her bosom beat,  
And strew'd with choicest herbs his scented  
grave!

Or whether, sitting in the shepherd's shiel,<sup>b</sup>  
Thou hear'st some sounding tale of war's  
alarms;

When at the bugle's call, with fire and steel,  
The sturdy clans poured forth their brawny  
swarms,

And hostile brothers met, to prove each other's  
arms.

'Tis thine to sing, how, framing hideous spells,  
In Sky's lone isle, the gifted wizard-seer,  
Lodg'd in the wintry cave with Fate's fell spear,  
Or in the depth of Uist's dark forest dwells:

How they, whose sight such dreary dreams  
engross,

<sup>b</sup> A summer hut, built in the high part of the moun-  
tains, to tend their flocks in the warm season, when  
the pasture is fine.

With their own visions oft astonish'd droop,  
When, o'er the watery strath, or quaggy moss,  
They see the gliding ghosts unbodied troop :

Or, if in sports, or on the festive green,  
Their destin'd glance some fated youth descry,

Who now, perhaps, in lusty vigour seen  
And rosy health, shall soon lamented die.

For them the viewless forms of air obey;  
Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair :

They know what spirit brews the stormful day,  
And heartless, oft like moody madness, stare  
To see the phantom train their secret work  
prepare.

To monarchs dear,<sup>10</sup> some hundred miles astray,  
Oft have they seen Fate give the fatal blow !

The seer, in Sky, shriek'd as the blood did flow,  
When headless Charles warm on the scaffold lay !  
As Boreas threw his young Aurora<sup>11</sup> forth,

In the first year of the first George's reign,  
And battles rag'd in welkin of the North,

They mourn'd in air, fell fell rebellion slain !

And as, of late, they joy'd in Preston's fight,  
Saw, at sad Falkirk, all their hopes near  
crown'd !

They rav'd ! divining, through their second sight,<sup>12</sup>  
Pale, red Culloden, where these hopes were  
drown'd !

Illustrious William !<sup>13</sup> Britain's guardian name !

One William sav'd us from a tyrant's stroke :  
He, for a sceptre, gain'd heroic fame,

But thou, more glorious, Slavery's chain hast  
broke,

To reign a private man, and bow to Freedom's  
yoke !

These, too, thou'lt sing ! for well thy magic Muse  
Can to the topmost heaven of grandeur soar ;  
Or stoop to wail the swain that is no more !

Ah, homely swains ! your homeward steps ne'er  
lose :

Let not dank Will<sup>14</sup> mislead you to the heath ;  
Dancing in murky night, o'er fen and lake,  
He glows to draw you downward to your death,  
In his bewitch'd, low, marshy, willow brake :

What though far off, from some dark dell espied,  
His glimmering mazes cheer th' excursive sight,  
Yet turn, ye wanderers, turn your steps aside,  
Nor trust the guidance of that faithless light:  
For watchful, lurking, mid th' unrustling reed,  
At those murk hours the wily monster lies,  
And listens oft to hear the passing steed,  
And frequent round him rolls his sullen eyes,  
If chance his savage wrath may some weak wretch  
surprise.

Ah luckless swain, o'er all unblest'd indeed !  
Whom late bewilder'd in the dank, dark fen,  
Far from his flocks, and smoking hamlet, then !  
To that sad spot where hums the sedgy weed :  
On him, enraged, the fiend, in angry mood,  
Shall never look with Pity's kind concern,  
But instant, furious, raise the whelming flood  
O'er its drown'd banks, forbidding all return !  
Or, if he meditate his wish'd escape,  
To some dim hill, that seems uprising near,  
To his faint eye, the grim and grisly shape,  
In all its terrors clad, shall wild appear.  
Meantime the watery surge shall round him  
rise,  
Pour'd sudden forth from every swelling source !  
What now remains but tears and hopeless  
sighs ?  
His fear-shook limbs have lost their youthful force,  
And down the waves he floats, a pale and breath-  
less corse !



For him in vain his anxious wife shall wait,  
Or wander forth to meet him on his way :  
For him in vain at to-fall of the day,  
His babes shall linger at th' unclosing gate !  
Ah, ne'er shall he return ! Alone, if night  
Her travell'd limbs in broken slumbers steep !  
With drooping willows dress'd, his mournful  
sprite  
Shall visit sad, perchance, her silent sleep :  
Then he perhaps, with moist and watery hand,  
Shall fondly seem to press her shuddering  
cheek,  
And with his blue swoll'n face before her stand,  
And shivering cold, these piteous accents speak :  
" Pursue, dear wife, thy daily toils, pursue,  
At dawn or dusk, industrious as before ;  
Nor e'er of me one helpless thought renew,  
While I lie weltering on the osier'd shore,  
Drown'd by the Kelpie's<sup>c</sup> wrath, nor e'er shall  
aid thee more !"

Unbounded is thy range ; with varied skill  
Thy Muse may, like those feathery tribes which  
spring  
From their rude rocks, extend her skirting wing  
Round the moist marge of each cold Hebrid isle,  
To that hoar pile<sup>15</sup> which still its ruins shows :  
In whose small vaults a pigmy-folk is found,  
Whose bones the delver with his spade up-  
throws,  
And culls them, wondering, from the hallow'd  
ground !  
Or thither,<sup>16</sup> where beneath the showery west,  
The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid :  
Once foes, perhaps, together now they rest,  
No slaves revere them, and no wars invade :

<sup>c</sup> The water fiend.

Yet frequent now, at midnight solemn hour,  
 The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,  
 And forth the monarchs stalk with sovereign  
     power,  
 In pageant robes, and wreath'd with sheeny  
     gold,  
 And on their twilight tombs ærial council hold.

But, oh! o'er all, forget not Kilda's race,  
 On whose bleak rocks, which brave the wasting  
     tides,

Fair Nature's daughter, Virtue, yet abides.  
 Go! just, as they, their blameless manners trace!  
 Then to my ear transmit some gentle song,  
 Of those whose lives are yet sincere and plain,  
 Their bounded walks the rugged cliffs along,  
 And all their prospect but the wintry main.

With sparing temperance, at the needful time,  
 They drain the scented spring: or, hunger-press'd,  
 Along the Atlantic rock, undreading climb,  
 And of its eggs despoil the solan's<sup>a</sup> nest.

Thus, bless'd in primal innocence they live,  
 Sufficed and happy with that frugal fare  
 Which tasteful toil and hourly danger give:  
 Hard is their shallow soil, and bleak and bare;  
 Nor ever vernal bee was heard to murmur  
     there!

Nor need'st thou blush that such false themes  
     engage

Thy gentle mind, of fairer stores possess'd;  
 For not alone they touch the village breast,  
 But fill'd, in elder time, the historic page.

There, Shakspeare's self, with every garland  
     crown'd,

<sup>a</sup> An aquatic bird like a goose, on the eggs of which  
 the inhabitants of St. Kilda, another of the Hebrides,  
 chiefly subsist.

Flew to those fairy climes his fancy sheen,  
In musing hour; his wayward sisters found,  
And with their terrors dress'd the magic scene.  
From them he sung, when 'mid his bold design,  
Before the Scot, afflicted, and aghast!  
The shadowy kings of Banquo's fated line  
Through the dark cave in gleamy pageant pass'd.  
Proceed! nor quit the tales which, simply told,  
Could once so well my answering bosom pierce;  
Proceed, in forceful sounds, and colour bold,  
The native legends of thy land rehearse;  
To such adapt thy lyre, and suit thy powerful  
verse.

In scenes like these, which, daring to depart  
From sober truth, are still to Nature true,  
And call forth fresh delight to Fancy's view,  
The heroic muse employed her Tasso's art!  
How have I trembled, when, at Tancred's  
stroke,  
Its gushing blood the gaping cypress pour'd!  
When each live plant with mortal accents  
spoke,  
And the wild blast upheav'd the vanish'd sword?  
How have I sat, when piped the pensive  
wind,  
To hear his harp by British Fairfax strung!  
Prevailing poet! whose undoubting mind  
Believed the magic wonders which he sung;  
Hence, at each sound, imagination glows!  
Hence at each picture, vivid life starts here!  
Hence his warm lay with softest sweetness  
flows!  
Melting it flows, pure, murmuring, strong, and  
clear,  
And fills the impassioned heart, and wins the  
harmonious ear!  
Hail, ye scenes that o'er my soul prevail;

Ye splendid friths and lakes, which, far away,  
 Are by smooth Annan<sup>a</sup> fill'd, or pastoral Tay,<sup>c</sup>  
 Or Don's<sup>e</sup> romantic springs, at distance hail!  
 The time shall come when I, perhaps, may tread  
 Your lowly glens,<sup>f</sup> o'erhung with spreading  
 broom;  
 Or o'er your stretching heaths, by Fancy led:  
 Or, o'er your mountains creep, in awful gloom!  
 Then will I dress once more the faded bower,  
 Where Jonson<sup>17</sup> sat in Drummond's classic  
 shade;  
 Or crop, from Tiviotdale, each lyric flower,  
 And mourn, on Yarrow's banks, where Willy's  
 laid!  
 Meantime, ye powers that on the plains which  
 bore  
 The cordial youth, on Lothian's plains,<sup>18</sup> at-  
 tend!—  
 Where'er Home dwells, on hill, or lowly moor,  
 To him I love your kind protection lend,  
 And, touch'd with love like mine, preserve my  
 absent friend!<sup>19</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Three rivers in Scotland.

<sup>c</sup> Valleys.

## NOTES.

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<sup>1</sup> Page 143.—*With those to whom thy stork is dear.*

THE Dutch, amongst whom there are very severe penalties for those who are convicted of killing this bird. They are kept tame in almost all their towns, and particularly at the Hague, of the arms of which they make a part. The common people of Holland are said to entertain a superstitious sentiment, that if the whole species of them should become extinct, they should lose their liberties.

<sup>2</sup> Page 143.

*Saw Britain link'd to his now adverse strand.*

This tradition is mentioned by several of our old historians. Some naturalists, too, have endeavoured to support the probability of the fact by arguments drawn from the correspondent disposition of the opposite coasts.

<sup>3</sup> Page 144.

*Mona, once hid from those who search the main.*

There is a tradition in the Isle of Man, that a mermaid becoming enamoured of a young man of extraordinary beauty, took an opportunity of meeting him one day as he walked on the shore, and opened her passion to him, but was received with a coldness, occasioned by his horror and surprise at her appearance. This, however, was so misconstrued by the sea lady, that in revenge for his treatment of her, she punished the whole island by covering it with a mist; so that all who attempted to carry on any commerce with it, either never arrived at it, but wandered up and down the sea, or were on a sudden wrecked upon its cliffs.

<sup>4</sup> Page 146.

In Langhorne's edition of Collins, this stanza was thus given :

O'er him whose doom thy virtues grieve,  
Aerial forms shall sit at eve,  
And bend the pensive head ;  
And, fallen to save his injured land,  
Imperial Honour's awful hand  
Shall point his lonely bed !

<sup>5</sup> Page 158.—*The genial meads.*

Mr. Thomson resided in the neighbourhood of Richmond, some time before his death, at a villa in Kew-lane.

<sup>6</sup> Page 158.—*Long, long thy stone and pointed clay.*

This can only be regarded as a poetical presage ; for the "poet's sylvan grave," was undistinguished by any exterior token till the year 1791, when a brass tablet was erected near the remains of the bard, to denote the place of his interment.

<sup>7</sup> Page 160.

These verses were printed in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for January, 1739, and afterwards in Woty's "Poetical Calendar ;" and are considered by Dr. Johnson as Collins's earliest attempt to court the notice of the public.

<sup>8</sup> Page 160.

This poem was written by the author at the university, about the time when Hanmer's pompous edition of Shakspeare was printed at Oxford, in 1744.—*Langhorne.*

<sup>9</sup> Page 162.

*With gradual steps and slow, exacter France  
Saw Art's fair empire o'er her shores advance.*

About the time of Shakspeare, the poet Hardy was in great repute in France. He wrote, according to

Fontenelle, six hundred plays. The French poets after him applied themselves in general to the correct improvement of the stage, which was almost totally disregarded by those of our own country, Jonson excepted.

10 Page 168.

*To monarchs dear.*

The fifth stanza, and the half of the sixth, in Dr. Carlyle's copy, printed in the first volume of the "Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh," being deficient, were supplied by Mr. Mackenzie; whose lines are here annexed, for the purpose of comparison, and to do justice to the elegant author of the "Man of Feeling."

Or on some bellying rock that shades the deep,  
 They view the lurid signs that cross the sky,  
 Where in the west, the brooding tempests lie;  
 And hear the first, faint, rustling pennons sweep.  
 Or in the arched cave, where deep and dark  
 The broad unbroken billows heave and swell  
 In horrid musings wrapt, they sit to mark  
 The labouring moon; or list the nightly yell  
 Of that dread spirit, whose gigantic form  
 The seer's entranced eye can well survey,  
 Through the dim air who guides the driving storm,  
 And points the wretched bark its destin'd prey.  
 Or him who hovers on his flagging wing,  
 O'er the dire whirlpool, that, in ocean's waste  
 Draws instant down whate'er devoted thing  
 The falling breeze within its reach hath placed—  
 The distant seaman hears, and flies with trembling haste  
 Or, if on land the fiend exerts his sway,  
 Silent he broods o'er quicksand, bog, or fen,  
 Far from the sheltering roof and haunts of men,  
 When witch'd darkness shuts the eye of day,  
 And shrouds each star that wont to cheer the night  
 Or, if the drifted snow perplex the way,  
 With treacherous gleam he lures the fated wight,  
 And leads him floundering on, and quite astray

<sup>11</sup> Page 168.—*As Boreas threw his young Aurora forth.*

By young Aurora, Collins undoubtedly meant the first appearance of the northern lights, which happened about the year 1715 ; at least, it is most highly probable, from this peculiar circumstance, that no ancient writer whatever has taken any notice of them, nor even any one modern, previous to the above period.

<sup>12</sup> Page 168.

*They raved ! divining, through their second sight.*

Second sight is the term that is used for the divination of the Highlanders.

<sup>13</sup> Page 168.

*Illustrious William ! Britain's guardian name !*

The Duke of Cumberland, who defeated the Pretender at the battle of Culloden.

<sup>14</sup> Page 169.

*Let not dank Will mislead you to the heath.*

A fiery meteor, called by various names, such as Will with the Wisp, Jack with the Lantern, &c. It hovers in the air over marshy and fenny places.

<sup>15</sup> Page 170.

*To that hoar pile which still its ruins shows.*

One of the Hebrides is called the Isle of Pigmies ; where it is reported that several miniature bones of the human species have been dug up in the ruins of a chapel there.

<sup>16</sup> Page 170.

*Or thither, where beneath the showery west,  
The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid.*

Icolmkill, one of the Hebrides, where near sixty of the ancient Scottish, Irish, and Norwegian kings are interred.



## 17 Page 178.

*Where Jonson sat in Drummond's classic shade.*

Ben Jonson paid a visit on foot, in 1619, to the Scottish poet Drummond, at his seat of Hawthornden, within four miles of Edinburgh. See an account of a conversation which passed between them, in Drummond's Works, 1711.

## 18 Page 173.

*On Lothian's plains, attend!*

Barrow, it seems, was at the Edinburgh University, which is in the county of Lothian.

## 19 Page 173.

The following exquisite supplemental stanzas to the foregoing *Ode*, will be found to commemorate some striking Scottish superstitions omitted by Collins. They are the production of *William Erskine, Esq.* Advocate, and form a Continuation of the Address, by Collins, to the Author of Douglas, exhorting him to celebrate the traditions of Scotland. They originally appeared in the "Edinburgh Magazine" for April, 1788.

"Thy Muse may tell, how, when at evening's close,  
To meet her love beneath the twilight shade,  
O'er many a broom-clad brae and heathy glade,  
In merry mood the village maiden goes:  
There, on a streamlet's margin as she lies,  
Chanting some carol till her swain appears,  
With visage, deadly pale, in pensive guise,  
Beneath a wither'd fir his form he rears!\*  
Shrieking and sad, she bends her eirie flight,  
When, mid dire heaths, where flits the taper blue,  
The whilst the moon sheds dim a sickly light,  
The airy funeral meets her blasted view!  
When, trembling, weak, she gains her cottage low,  
Where magpies scatter notes of presage wide,

\* \* The wraith, or spectral appearance, of a person shortly to die, is a firm article in the creed of Scottish superstition.

Some one shall tell, while tears in torrents flow,  
That, just when twilight dimm'd the green hill's side,  
Far in his lonely shell her hapless shepherd died.

"Let these sad strains to lighter sounds give place!

Bid thy brisk viol warble measures gay!

For see! recall'd by thy resistless lay,

Once more the Brownie\* shows his honest face.

Hail, from thy wanderings long, my much-loved sprite!

Thou friend, thou lover of the lowly, hail!

Tell, in what realms thou sport'st thy merry night,

Trail'st the long mop, or whirl'st the mimic flail.

Where dost thou deck the much-disorder'd hall,

While the tired damsel in Elysium sleeps,

With early voice to drowsy workman call,

Or lull the dame while Mirth his vigils keeps?

'Twas thus in Caledonia's domes, 'tis said,

Thou ply'dst the kindly task in years of yore:

\* "The *Brownie* formed a class of beings, distinct in habit and disposition from the freakish and mischievous elves. He was meagre, shaggy, and wild in his appearance. Thus, Cleland, in his satire against the Highlanders, compares them to

'Faunes, or *brownies*, if ye will,

Or satyres come from Atlas hill.'

"In the day time, he lurked in remote recesses of the old houses which he delighted to haunt; and in the night, sedulously employed himself in discharging any laborious task which he thought might be acceptable to the family, to whose service he had devoted himself. But although, like Milton's lubbar fiend, he loves to stretch himself by the fire,† he does not drudge from the hope of recompence. On the

† "—how the drudging goblin sweat,  
To earn the cream-bowl, duly set!  
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
His shadowy flail had thrash'd the corn,  
That ten day-lab'rs could not end;  
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend;  
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,  
Basks at the fire his airy strength;  
And, crop-full, out of doors he flings,  
Ere the first cock his matin rings.'

*L'Allegro.*

At last, in luckless hour, some erring maid  
 Spread in thy nightly cell of viands store :  
 Ne'er was thy form beheld among their mountains  
 more.

"Then wake (for well thou canst) that wondrous lay,  
 How, while around the thoughtless matrons sleep,  
 Soft o'er the floor the treacherous fairies creep,  
 And bear the smiling infant far away :  
 How starts the nurse, when, for her lovely child,  
 She sees at dawn a gaping idiot stare ?  
 O snatch the innocent from demons wild,  
 And save the parents fond from fell despair !  
 In a deep cave the trusty menials wait,  
 When from their hilly dens, at midnight's hour,  
 Forth rush the airy elves in mimic state,  
 And o'er the moonlight heath with swiftness scour ;  
 In glittering arms the little horsemen shine ;  
 Last, on a milk-white steed, with targe of gold,  
 A fay of might appears, whose arms entwine  
 The lost, lamented child ; the shepherds bold\*  
 The unconscious infant tear from his unhallow'd hold.

contrary, so delicate is his attachment, that the offer of reward, but particularly of food, infallibly occasions his disappearance for ever.

"When the menials in a Scottish family protracted their vigils around the kitchen fire, Brownie, weary of being excluded from the midnight hearth, sometimes appeared at the door, seemed to watch their departure, and thus admonished them—'Gang a' to your beds, sirs, and dinna put out the wee *grissnoch* (embers.)'"

It seems no improbable conjecture, that the *brownie* is a legitimate descendant of the *Lar Familiaris* of the ancients.

\* For an account of the Fairy superstition, see the Introduction to the "Tale of Tamlane," in that elegant work called "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," vol. ii. page 174, second edition.

**THE**  
**POETICAL WORKS**  
**OF**  
**THOMAS GRAY.**



## ENCOMIUMS ON GRAY.

---

TO MR. GRAY, UPON HIS ODES.

BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.\*

REPINE not, GRAY, that our weak dazzled eyes  
Thy daring heights and brightness shun;  
How few can trace the eagle to the skies,  
Or, like him, gaze upon the sun!

Each gentle reader loves the gentle Muse,  
That little dares, and little means;  
Who humbly sips her learning from Reviews,  
Or flutters in the Magazines.

No longer now from Learning's sacred store  
Our minds their health and vigour draw;  
Homer and Pindar are revered no more,  
No more the Stagyrte is law.

Though nursed by these, in vain thy Muse appears  
To breathe her ardours in our souls;  
In vain to sightless eyes and deaden'd ears,  
The lightning gleams, the thunder rolls:

Yet droop not, GRAY, nor quit thy heaven-born  
art,  
Again thy wondrous powers reveal;  
Wake slumbering Virtue in the Briton's heart,  
And rouse us to reflect and feel!

\* From an original MS. in the possession of Isaac Reed, Esq.

With ancient deeds our long-chill'd bosoms fire,  
Those deeds that mark Eliza's reign!  
Make Britons Greeks again—then strike the  
lyre,  
And Pindar shall not sing in vain.

---

## ODE TO MR. GRAY,

ON THE BACKWARDNESS OF SPRING, IN THE YEAR 1742.

BY RICHARD WEST, ESQ.

DEAR GRAY, that always in my heart  
Possessest far the better part,  
What mean these sudden blasts that rise  
And drive the Zephyrs from the skies?  
O join with mine thy tuneful lay,  
And invoke the tardy May!

Come, fairest Nymph, resume thy reign!  
Bring all the Graces in thy train!  
With balmy breath and flowery tread,  
Rise from thy soft ambrosial bed;  
Where, in elysian slumber bound,  
Embow'ring myrtles veil thee round.

Awake, in all thy glories dress'd,  
Recal the Zephyrs from the west;  
Restore the sun, revive the skies,  
At mine and Nature's call, arise!  
Great Nature's self upbraids thy stay,  
And misses her accustom'd May.

See! all her works demand thy aid;  
The labours of Pomona fade:  
A plaint is heard from ev'ry tree;  
Each budding flow'ret calls for thee;  
The birds forget to love and sing;  
With storms alone the forests ring.

Come then, with Pleasure at thy side,  
Diffuse thy vernal spirit wide;  
Create, where'er thou turn'st thine eye,  
Peace, Plenty, Love, and Harmony;  
Till every being share its part,  
And Heav'n and Earth be glad at heart.

---

## EPITAPH

ON MR. GRAY'S MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER  
ABBEY.

BY MR. MASON.

No more the Grecian Muse unrivall'd reigns,  
To Britain let the nations homage pay!  
She boasts a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,  
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of GRAY.





## O D E S.

---

### ON THE SPRING.

Lo ! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,  
Fair VENUS' train, appear,  
Disclose the long-expected flowers,  
And wake the purple year !  
The Attic warbler pours her throat,  
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,  
The untaught harmony of Spring :  
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,  
Cool Zephyrs through the clear blue sky  
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch  
A broader, browner shade,  
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech  
O'er-canopies the glade,\*  
Beside some water's rushy brink  
With me the Muse shall sit, and think  
(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)  
How vain the ardour of the Crowd,  
How low, how little are the Proud,  
How indigent the Great !

Still is the toiling hand of Care ;  
The panting herds repose :  
Yet hark, how through the peopled air  
The busy murmur glows !

\* ————— a bank

O'er-canopied with luscious woodbine.

*Shaksp. Mids. Night's Dream.*

The insect youth are on the wing,  
 Eager to taste the honied spring,  
 And float amid the liquid noon:<sup>b</sup>  
 Some lightly o'er the current skim,  
 Some show their gaily-gilded trim  
 Quick-glancing to the sun.<sup>c</sup>

To Contemplation's sober eye<sup>d</sup>  
 Such is the race of Man:  
 And they that creep, and they that fly,  
 Shall end where they began.  
 Alike the Busy and the Gay  
 But flutter through Life's little day,  
 In Fortune's varying colours dress'd:  
 Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,  
 Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance  
 They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,  
 The sportive kind reply:  
 Poor Moralist! and what art thou?  
 A solitary fly!  
 Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets,  
 No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,  
 No painted plumage to display:  
 On hasty wings thy youth is flown;  
 Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—  
 We frolic while 'tis May.

<sup>b</sup> Nare per æstatem liquidam——.

*Virgil, Georg. lib. 4.*

<sup>c</sup> ——— sporting with quick glance,  
 Show to the sun their waved coats dropt with gold.  
*Milton's Paradise Lost, book 7.*

<sup>d</sup> While insects from the threshold preach, &c.

*M. Green, in the Grotto.*

## ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT,

DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES.

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,  
Where China's gayest art had dyed  
The azure flowers, that blow ;  
Demurest of the tabby kind,  
The pensive Selima, reclined,  
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared ;  
The fair round face, the snowy beard,  
The velvet of her paws,  
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,  
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,  
She saw ; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gazed ; but midst the tide  
Two angel forms were seen to glide,  
The Genii of the stream :  
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue  
Through richest purple to the view  
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw :  
A whisker first, and then a claw,  
With many an ardent wish,  
She stretch'd in vain, to reach the prize .  
What female heart can gold despise ?  
What Cat's averse to fish ?

Presumptuous Maid ! with looks intent  
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,  
Nor knew the gulf between :  
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smiled :)  
The slippery verge her feet beguiled,  
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,  
 She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry god,  
 Some speedy aid to send.  
 No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd;  
 Nor cruel TOM, nor SUSAN heard:  
 A Fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye Beauties, undeceived,  
 Know, one false step is ne'er retrieved,  
 And be with caution bold.  
 Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes  
 And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;  
 Nor all that glisters gold.

---

### ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

*Ἀνθρῶπος ἱκανὴ προφασὶς εἰς τὸ δυστυχεῖν.*

MENANDER.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,  
 That crown the wat'ry glade,  
 Where grateful Science still adores  
 Her HENRY's holy shade;<sup>a</sup>  
 And ye, that from the stately brow  
 Of WINDSOR's heights th' expanse below  
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,  
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among  
 Wanders the hoary Thames along  
 His silver-winding way:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!  
 Ah, fields beloved in vain  
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,  
 A stranger yet to pain!

<sup>a</sup> King Henry the Sixth, founder of the College.

I feel the gales that from ye blow  
 A momentary bliss bestow,  
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,  
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,  
 And, redolent of joy and youth,<sup>b</sup>  
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father THAMES, for thou hast seen  
 Full many a sprightly race  
 Disporting on thy margent green  
 The paths of pleasure trace;  
 Who foremost now delight to cleave,  
 With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?  
 The captive linnet which enthrall?  
 What idle progeny succeed  
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,  
 Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent  
 Their murm'ring labours ply  
 'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint  
 To sweeten liberty:  
 Some bold adventurers disdain  
 The limits of their little reign,  
 And unknown regions dare descry:  
 Still as they run they look behind,  
 They hear a voice in every wind,  
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,  
 Less pleasing when possess'd;  
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,  
 The sunshine of the breast:  
 Theirs buxom Health, of rosy hue,  
 Wild Wit, Invention ever new,  
 And lively Cheer, of Vigour born;

<sup>b</sup> And bees their honey, redolent of spring.  
*Dryden's Fable on the Pythag. System.*

The thoughtless day, the easy night,  
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,  
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom  
The little victims play!  
No sense have they of ills to come,  
Nor care beyond to-day:  
Yet see, how all around them wait  
The Ministers of human fate,  
And black Misfortune's baleful train!  
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,  
To seize their prey, the murd'rous band!  
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,  
The vultures of the mind,  
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,  
And Shame that skulks behind;  
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,  
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,  
That inly gnaws the secret heart;  
And Envy wan, and faded Care,  
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,  
And Sorrow's piercing dart,

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,  
Then whirl the wretch from high,  
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,  
And grinning Infamy.  
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,  
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,  
That mocks the tear it forced to flow;  
And keen Remorse, with blood defiled,  
And moody Madness laughing wild<sup>c</sup>  
Amid severest woe,

<sup>c</sup> And Madness laughing in his ireful mood.  
*Dryden's Fable of Palamon and Arcite.*

Lo, in the Vale of Years beneath  
 A grisly troop are seen,  
 The painful family of Death,  
 More hideous than their Queen :  
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,  
 That every labouring sinew strains,  
 Those in the deeper vitals rage :  
 Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,  
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,  
 And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings : all are men,  
 Condemn'd alike to groan ;  
 The tender for another's pain,  
 The' unfeeling for his own.  
 Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate,  
 Since sorrow never comes too late,  
 And happiness too swiftly flies ?  
 Thought would destroy their paradise :  
 No more ;—where ignorance is bliss,  
 'Tis folly to be wise.

## TO ADVERSITY.

—— Ζηνα  
 Τον φρονειν Βροτους οδω-  
 σαντα, τω παθει μαθαν  
 Θεντα κυριως εχειν.  
*Æschylus, in Agamemnonē*

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,  
 Thou tamer of the human breast,  
 Whose iron scourge and torturing hour  
 The bad affright, afflict the best !  
 Bound in thy adamantine chain,  
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,  
 And purple tyrants vainly groan,  
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.



When first thy sire to send on earth  
 Virtue, his darling child, design'd,  
 To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,  
 And bade to form her infant mind.  
 Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore  
 With patience many a year she bore:  
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,  
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others'  
 woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly  
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,  
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,  
 And leave us leisure to be good.  
 Light they disperse; and with them go  
 The summer friend, the flattering foe;  
 By vain Prosperity receiv'd,  
 To her they vow their truth, and are again  
 believ'd.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,  
 Immers'd in rapturous thought profound,  
 And Melancholy, silent maid,  
 With leaden eye that loves the ground,  
 Still on thy solemn steps attend:  
 Warm Charity, the general friend,  
 With Justice, to herself severe,  
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,  
 Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!  
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,  
 Not circled with the vengeful band  
 (As by the impious thou art seen)  
 With thundering voice, and threatening mien,  
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,  
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty:  
 Thy form benign, oh Goddess! wear,  
 Thy milder influence impart,

Thy philosophic train be there  
 To soften, not to wound my heart.  
 The generous spark extinct revive,  
 Teach me to love, and to forgive,  
 Exact my own defects to scan,  
 What others are to feel, and know myself a man.

## THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

## A PINDARIC ODE.

Φωναντα συνετοισιν ες  
 Δε το παν ερμηνεων  
 Χαριζει.

*Pindar, Olymp. II.*

## I. 1.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,<sup>1</sup>  
 And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.  
 From Helicon's harmonious springs  
 A thousand rills their mazy progress take :  
 The laughing flowers, that round them blow,  
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.  
 Now the rich stream of Music winds along,  
 Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,  
 Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign ;  
 Now rolling down the steep amain,  
 Headlong, impetuous, see it pour :  
 The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the  
 roar.

## I. 2.

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,\*  
 Parent of sweet and solemn breathing airs,  
 Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares  
 And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.

\* Power of harmony to calm the turbulent passions of the soul. The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian of Pindar.

On Thracia's hills the Lord of War  
 Has curb'd the fury of his car,  
 And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command.  
 Perching on the sceptred hand<sup>b</sup>  
 Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king  
 With ruffled plumes and flagging wing:  
 Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie  
 The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

## I 3.

Thee, the voice, the dance, obey,<sup>c</sup>  
 Temper'd to thy warbled lay.  
 O'er Idalia's velvet green  
 The rosy-crowned Loves are seen  
 On Cytherea's day  
 With antic Sport, and blue-eyed Pleasures,  
 Frisking light in frolic measures;  
 Now pursuing, now retreating,  
 Now in circling troops they meet:  
 To brisk notes in cadence beating,  
 Glance their many-twinkling feet.<sup>d</sup>  
 Slow melting strains their Queen's approach  
 declare:

Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay  
 With arms sublime, that float upon the air,  
 In gliding state she wins her easy way:  
 O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move  
 The bloom of young Desire and purple light of  
 Love.<sup>e</sup>

<sup>b</sup> This is a weak imitation of some beautiful lines in the same ode.

<sup>c</sup> Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.

<sup>d</sup> Μαρμαρυγας Σηειτο ποδων· θαυμαζε δε θυμω.

Homer, Od. Θ.

<sup>e</sup> Δαμπει δ' επι κορφυρεησι

Παριηησι φως ερωτος. Phrynicus apud Athenæum.

## II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await!<sup>1</sup>  
 Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,  
 Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,  
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms of  
 Fate!

The fond complaint, my song, disprove,  
 And justify the laws of Jove.  
 Say, has he giv'n in vain the heavenly Muse?  
 Night and all her sickly dews,  
 Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,  
 He gives to range the dreary sky:  
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar  
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts  
 of war.

## II. 2.

"In climes beyond the solar road,"<sup>a</sup>  
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains  
 roam,  
 The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom  
 To cheer the shivering Native's dull abode.  
 And oft, beneath the od'rous shade  
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,  
 She deigns to hear the savage Youth repeat  
 In loose numbers wildly sweet  
 Their feather-cinctur'd Chief, and dusky Loves.  
 Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,

<sup>1</sup> Or seen the Morning's well-appointed star  
 Come marching up the eastern hills afar. *Cowley.*

<sup>2</sup> Extensive influence of poetic genius over the  
 remotest and most uncivilized nations: its connexion  
 with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend  
 on it.

<sup>a</sup> "Extra anni solisque vias—" *Virgil.*

"Tutta lontana dal camin del sole."

*Petrarch, Canzon.*

Glory pursue, and generous Shame,  
The unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy  
flame.

## II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,<sup>3</sup>  
Isles, that crown the Ægean deep,  
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,  
Or where Mæander's amber waves  
In lingering lab'rinsths creep,  
How do your tuneful Echoes languish,  
Mute but to the voice of Anguish!  
Where each old poetic Mountain  
Inspiration breath'd around;  
Every shade and hallow'd Fountain  
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:  
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,  
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.  
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,  
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.  
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,  
They sought, oh Albion! next, thy sea-encircled  
coast.

## III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,  
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling<sup>1</sup> laid,  
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,  
To him the mighty Mother did unveil  
Her awful face: the dauntless Child  
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.  
This pencil take (she said), whose colours clear  
Richly paint the vernal year:  
Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal Boy!  
This can unlock the gates of Joy;  
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,  
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

<sup>1</sup> Shakspeare.

## III. 2.

Nor second He, that rode sublime<sup>j</sup>  
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,  
The secrets of the' Abyss to spy.

He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and  
Time,<sup>k</sup>  
The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze,<sup>l</sup>  
Where Angels tremble while they gaze,  
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,  
Closed his eyes in endless night.<sup>l</sup>  
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car  
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear  
Two Coursers of ethereal race,<sup>m</sup>  
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resound-  
ing pace.<sup>n</sup>

## III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!  
Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,  
Scatters from her pictur'd urn  
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.<sup>o</sup>  
But ah! 'tis heard no more<sup>o</sup>——

Oh! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit  
Wakes thee now! Though he inherit  
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,  
That the Theban Eagle bear.<sup>o</sup>  
Sailing with supreme dominion  
Through the azure deep of air:  
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run  
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray

<sup>j</sup> Milton.

<sup>k</sup> ——— “*flammantia moenia mundi.*” *Lucretius.*

<sup>l</sup> *Ὀφθαλμῶν μὲν ἀμερσεῖ διδόν δ' ἠδείαν αἰοιδῆν.*

*Hom. Od.*

<sup>m</sup> Meant to express the stately march and sounding energy of Dryden's rhymes.

<sup>n</sup> Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? *Je'*

<sup>o</sup> Words that weep, and tears that speak. *Co*

With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun:  
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way  
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,  
 Beneath the Good how far—but far above the  
 Great.

---

## THE BARD.

A PINDARIC ODE.<sup>7</sup>

### I. 1.

"RUIN seize thee, ruthless King!  
 Confusion on thy banners wait;  
 Though fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,  
 They mock the air with idle state."  
 Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,<sup>a</sup>  
 Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail  
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,  
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"  
 Such were the sounds that o'er the crested  
 pride<sup>b</sup>  
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,  
 As down the steep of Snowden's shaggy side<sup>c</sup>  
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.  
 Stout Gloster stood aghast<sup>c</sup> in speechless trance:  
 To arms! cried Mortimer,<sup>d</sup> and couch'd his qui-  
 vering lance.

\* Mocking the air with colours idly spread.

*Shakespeare's King John.*

† The crested adder's pride.

*Dryden's Indian Queen.*

\* Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hereford, son-in-law to King Edward.

<sup>d</sup> Edmond de Mortimer, lord of Wigmore. They both were Lords Marchers, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the King in this expedition.



## I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow  
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,

Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,  
With haggard eyes the Poet stood :  
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair<sup>10</sup>  
Stream'd, like a meteor,\* to the troubled air)  
And with a Master's hand, and Prophet's fire,  
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

"Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert-cave  
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!  
O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms they  
wave,

Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;  
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,  
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

## I. 3.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,  
That hush'd the stormy main :  
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :  
Mountains, ye mourn in vain  
Modred, whose magic song  
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd  
head.

On dreary Arvon's shore' they lie,  
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale :  
Far, far aloof the' affrighted ravens sail ;  
The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by,<sup>11</sup>  
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,  
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,

\* Shone, like a meteor, streaming to the wind.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

' The shores of Caernarvonshire, opposite to the  
of Anglesey.



Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,<sup>a</sup>  
 Ye died amidst your dying country's cries——  
 No more I weep. They do not sleep.  
 On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,  
 I see them sit, they linger yet,  
 Avengers of their native land:  
 With me in dreadful harmony they join,  
 And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy  
 line.<sup>b</sup>

## II. 1.

“ Weave the warp, and weave the woof,  
 The winding-sheet of Edward's race;  
 Give ample room, and verge enough  
 The characters of hell to trace.  
 Mark the year, and mark the night,  
 When Severn shall re-echo with affright  
 The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roof that  
 ring,  
 Shrieks of an agonizing King!<sup>c</sup>  
 She-wolf of France,<sup>d</sup> with unrelenting fangs,  
 That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled Mate,  
 From thee be born,<sup>e</sup> who o'er thy country  
 hangs  
 The scourge of Heaven. What terrors round  
 him wait!  
 Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd,  
 And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

<sup>a</sup> As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
 That visit my sad heart——

*Shakespeare's Jul. Caesar.*

<sup>b</sup> See the Norwegian ode, the Fatal Sisters, here-  
 after.

<sup>c</sup> Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berkley-  
 castle.

<sup>d</sup> Isabel of France, Edward the Second's adulterous  
 queen.

<sup>e</sup> Humphreys of Edward the Third in France.

## II. 2.

"Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,  
 Low on his funeral couch he lies!<sup>1</sup>  
 No pitying heart, no eye, afford  
 A tear to grace his obsequies.  
 Is the sable Warrior fled?<sup>m</sup>  
 Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.  
 The Swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were  
     born?  
 Gone to salute the rising morn.  
 Fair laughs the Morn," and soft the Zephyr blows,  
     While proudly rising o'er the azure realm  
 In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes:  
     Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm:  
 Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,  
 That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-  
     prey.

## II. 3.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,"<sup>n</sup>  
 The rich repast prepare,  
     Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:  
 Close by the regal chair  
     Fell Thirst and Famine scowl  
     A baleful smile upon their baffled Guest.  
 Heard ye the din of battle bray,<sup>o</sup>  
     Lance to lance, and horse to horse;  
     Long years of havock urge their destin'd course,  
 And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.

<sup>1</sup> Death of that king, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress.

<sup>m</sup> Edward the Black Prince died some time before his father.

<sup>n</sup> Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign. See Froissart and other contemporary writers.

<sup>o</sup> Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaster.

"Ye towers of Julius,<sup>13</sup> London's lasting shame,  
 With many a foul and midnight murder fed,  
 Revere his Consort's faith,<sup>p</sup> his Father's fame,<sup>q</sup>  
 And spare the meek usurper's holy head.<sup>r</sup>  
 Above, below, the rose of snow,<sup>s</sup>  
 Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread:  
 The bristled Boar<sup>14</sup> in infant gore  
 Wallows beneath the thorny shade.  
 Now, brothers, bending o'er the' accursed loom,  
 Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his  
 doom.

## III. 1.

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate  
 (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)  
 Half of thy heart we consecrate.<sup>15</sup>  
 (The web is wove. The work is done.)  
 Stay, oh, stay! nor thus forlorn  
 Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to mourn:  
 In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,  
 They melt, they vanish from my eyes.  
 But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowden's  
 height  
 Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?  
 Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!  
 Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!  
 No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.<sup>16</sup>  
 All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue,  
 hail!<sup>17</sup>

<sup>p</sup> Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown.

<sup>q</sup> Henry the Fifth.

<sup>r</sup> Henry the Sixth, very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.

<sup>s</sup> The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

## III. 2.

"Girt with many a baron bold  
 Sublime their starry fronts they rear;  
 And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old  
 In bearded majesty, appear.  
 In the midst a form divine!  
 Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-Line;  
 Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,<sup>12</sup>  
 Attemper'd sweet to virgin grace.  
 What strings symphonious tremble in the air,  
 What strains of vocal transport round her play!  
 Hear from the cave, great Talliessin,<sup>13</sup> hear;  
 They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.  
 Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,  
 Waves in the eye of Heav'n her many-coloured  
 wings.

## III. 3.

"The verse adorn again  
 Fierce War, and faithful Love,<sup>†</sup>  
 And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dress'd.  
 In buskin'd measures move"  
 Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,  
 With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.  
 A voice, as of the Cherub-Choir,<sup>‡</sup>  
 Gales from blooming Eden bear:  
 And distant warblings lessen on my ear,<sup>¶</sup>  
 That lost in long futurity expire.  
 Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine  
 cloud,  
 Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of  
 day?

<sup>†</sup> Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song.  
*Spenser's Proem to the Fairy Queen.*

<sup>‡</sup> Shakspeare.

<sup>¶</sup> Milton.

<sup>¶</sup> The succession of Poets after Milton's time.

To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,  
 And warms the nations with redoubled ray.  
 Enough for me : with joy I see  
     The different doom our fates assign.  
 Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care,  
 To triumph, and to die, are mine."  
 He spoke ; and headlong from the mountain's  
     height  
 Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless  
     night.

---

## FOR MUSIC.\*

## AIR.

"HENCE, avaunt ('tis holy ground),  
 Comus, and his midnight crew,  
 And Ignorance with looks profound,  
 And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,  
 Mad Sedition's cry profane,  
 Servitude that hugs her chain,  
 Nor in these consecrated bowers  
 Let painted Flattery hide her serpent train in  
     flowers.

## CHORUS.

"Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,  
 Dare the Muse's walk to stain,  
 While bright-eyed Science watches round :  
 Hence, away, 'tis holy ground !"

## RECITATIVE.

From yonder realms of empyrean day  
 Bursts on my ear the' indignant lay ;

\* This ode was performed in the Senate-House at Cambridge, July 1, 1769, at the installation of his Grace Augustus Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, Chancellor of the University. It is here printed with the divisions adopted by the composer, Dr. Randall, then professor of music at Cambridge.

There sit the sainted sage, the bard divine,  
 The few, whom Genius gave to shine  
 Through every unborn age, and undiscover'd  
 clime.

Rapt in celestial transport they;  
 Yet hither oft a glance from high  
 They send of tender sympathy,  
 To bless the place where on their opening soul  
 First the genuine ardour stole:  
 'Twas Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell,  
 And, as the choral warblings round him swell,  
 Meek Newton's self bends from his state  
 sublime,  
 And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

## AIR.

"Ye brown o'er-arching groves,  
 That Contemplation loves,  
 Where willowy Camus lingers with delight!  
 Oft at the blush of dawn  
 I trod your level lawn,  
 Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia's silver bright  
 In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,  
 With Freedom by my side, and soft-eyed Melan-  
 choly."

## RECITATIVE.

But hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth  
 With solemn steps and slow,  
 High potentates, and dames of royal birth,  
 And mitred fathers in long order go:  
 Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow<sup>b</sup>  
 From haughty Gallia torn,  
 And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn<sup>20</sup>

<sup>b</sup> Edward the Third, who added the fleur de lys of France to the arms of England. He founded Trinity College.

That wept her bleeding love, and princely Clare,<sup>a</sup>  
 And Anjou's heroine, and the paler Rose,<sup>c</sup>  
 The rival of her crown and of her woes,  
     And either Henry there;<sup>d</sup>  
 The murder'd saint, and the majestic lord  
     That broke the bonds of Rome.  
     (Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,  
     Their human passions now no more,  
 Save Charity that glows beyond the tomb.)

## RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

All that on Granta's fruitful plain  
 Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,  
 And bade these awful fanes and turrets rise,  
 To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come;  
     And thus they speak in soft accord  
     The liquid language of the skies:

## QUARTETTO.

"What is grandeur, what is power?  
 Heavier toil, superior pain.  
 What the bright reward we gain?  
 The grateful memory of the good.  
 Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,  
 The bee's collected treasures sweet,  
 Sweet Music's melting fall, but sweeter yet  
 The still small voice of Gratitude."

<sup>a</sup> Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry the Sixth, foundress of Queen's College.

Elizabeth Widville, wife of Edward the Fourth, hence called the paler rose, as being of the house of York. She added to the foundation of Margaret of Anjou.

<sup>d</sup> Henry the Sixth and Eighth. The former the founder of King's, the latter the greatest benefactor to Trinity College.

## RECITATIVE.

Foremost, and leaning from her golden cloud,  
 The venerable Margaret see !<sup>\*</sup>  
 " Welcome, my noble son (she cries aloud),  
 To this, my kindred train, and me :  
 Pleased in thy lineaments we trace  
 A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace.<sup>†</sup>

## AIR.

" Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,  
 The flower unheeded shall descry,  
 And bid it round Heav'n's altar shed  
 The fragrance of its blushing head :  
 Shall raise from earth the latent gem  
 To glitter on the diadem.

## RECITATIVE.

" Lo, Granta waits to lead her blooming band,  
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, she  
 No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings ;  
 Nor dares with courtly tongue refine  
 Profane thy inborn royalty of mind :  
 She reveres herself and thee.  
 With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow,  
 The laureate wreath that Cecil wore<sup>‡</sup> she brings,  
 And to thy just and gentle hand,  
 Submits the fasces of her sway,  
 While spirits bless'd above, and men below,  
 Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.

\* Countess of Richmond and Derby: the mother of Henry the Seventh, foundress of St. John's and Christ's Colleges.

† The Countess was a Beaufort, and married to a Tudor ; hence the application of this line to the Duke of Grafton, who claims descent from both these families.

‡ Lord Treasurer Burleigh was Chancellor of the University in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.



## GRAND CHORUS.

"Through the wild waves as they roar  
 With watchful eye and dauntless mien  
 Thy steady course of honour keep,  
 Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore :  
 The Star of Brunswick smiles serene,  
 And gilds the horrors of the deep."

THE FATAL SISTERS.<sup>22</sup>

## FROM THE NORSE-TONGUE.

Now the storm begins to lower,  
 (Haste, the loom of hell prepare,)  
 Iron-sleet of arrowy shower<sup>a</sup>  
 Hurtles in the darken'd air.<sup>b</sup>

Glittering lances are the loom  
 Where the dusky warp we strain,  
 Weaving many a soldier's doom,  
 Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the grisly texture grow !  
 ('Tis of human entrails made)  
 And the weights that play below,  
 Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,  
 Shoot the trembling chords along.  
 Sword, that once a monarch wore,  
 Keep the tissue close and strong.

- <sup>a</sup> How quick they wheel'd, and, flying, behind them  
 shot

Sharp sleet of arrowy shower.

*Milton's Paradise Regained.*

- <sup>b</sup> The noise of battle hurtled in the air.

*Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar.*

Mista, black terrific maid,  
Sangrida, and Hilda, see!  
Join the wayward work to aid:  
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,  
Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,  
Blade with clattering buckler meet,  
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war)  
Let us go, and let us fly,  
Where our friends the conflict share,  
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,  
Wading through th' ensanguin'd field,  
Gondula, and Geira, spread  
O'er the youthful king your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,  
Ours to kill, and ours to spare:  
Spite of danger he shall live.  
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert-beach  
Pent within its bleak domain,  
Soon their ample sway shall stretch  
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless earl is laid,  
Gor'd with many a gaping wound:  
Fate demands a nobler head;  
Soon a king shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin<sup>c</sup> weep,  
Ne'er again his likeness see;  
Long her strains in sorrow steep;  
Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,  
 Clouds of carnage blot the sun.  
 Sisters, weave the web of death :  
 Sisters, cease : the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands !  
 Songs of joy and triumph sing !  
 Joy to the victorious bands ;  
 Triumph to the younger king.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,  
 Learn the tenour of our song :  
 Scotland, through each winding vale,  
 Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed :  
 Each her thundering falchion wield ;  
 Each bestride her sable steed.  
 Hurry, hurry to the field.

## THE DESCENT OF ODIN.\*

FROM THE NORSE-TONGUE.

UPROSE the King of Men with speed,  
 And saddled straight his coal-black steed :  
 Down the yawning steep he rode,  
 That leads to Hela's drear abode.<sup>23</sup>  
 Him the Dog of Darkness spied ;  
 His shaggy throat he open'd wide,  
 While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,  
 Foam and human gore distill'd :  
 Hoarse he bays with hideous din,  
 Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin ;

\* The original is to be found in Bartholinus, de  
 Causis contemnendæ Mortis ; Hafniæ, 1689, quarto.  
*Upreis Odinn allða gaur, &c.*

And long pursues, with fruitless yell,  
The Father of the powerful spell.  
Onward still his way he takes,  
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes)  
Till full before his fearless eyes  
The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,  
By the moss-grown pile he sate ;  
Where long of yore to sleep was laid  
The dust of the prophetic maid.  
Facing to the northern clime,  
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme ;  
Thrice pronounced, in accents dread,  
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead ;  
Till from out the hollow ground  
Slowly breath'd a sullen sound.

## PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms presume  
To break the quiet of the tomb ?  
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,  
And drags me from the realms of night ?  
Long on these mouldering bones have beat  
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,  
The drenching dews, and driving rain !  
Let me, let me sleep again.  
Who is he, with voice unblest'd,  
That calls me from the bed of rest ?

## ODIN.

A traveller, to thee unknown,  
Is he that calls a warrior's son.  
Thou the deeds of light shalt know :  
Tell me what is done below,  
For whom yon glittering board is spread ?  
Dress'd for whom yon golden bed ?

## PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet see  
The pure beverage of the bee;  
O'er it hangs the shield of gold;  
'Tis the drink of Balder bold:  
Balder's head to death is giv'n,  
Pain can reach the sons of Heav'n!  
Unwilling I my lips uncloze:  
Leave me, leave me to repose.

## ODIN.

Once again my call obey.  
Prophetess, arise, and say,  
What dangers Odin's child await,  
Who the author of his fate?

## PROPHETESS.

In Hoder's hand the hero's doom;  
His brother sends him to the tomb.  
Now my weary lips I close:  
Leave me, leave me to repose.

## ODIN.

Prophetess, my spell obey,  
Once again arise, and say,  
Who the avenger of his guilt,  
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt?

## PROPHETESS.

In the caverns of the west,  
By Odin's fierce embrace compress'd,  
A wondrous boy shall Rinda bear,  
Who ne'er shall comb his raven hair,  
Nor wash his visage in the stream,  
Nor see the sun's departing beam,  
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile,  
Flaming on the funeral pile.  
Now my weary lips I close:  
Leave me, leave me to repose.





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What virgins these, in speechless woe,  
That bend to earth their solemn brow,  
That their flaxen tresses tear,  
And snowy veils that float in air !

## ODIN.

Yet awhile my call obey;  
Prophetess, awake, and say,  
What virgins these, in speechless woe,  
That bend to earth their solemn brow,  
That their flaxen tresses tear,  
And snowy veils that float in air?  
Tell me whence their sorrows rose:  
Then I leave thee to repose.

## PROPHETESS.

Ha! no traveller art thou,  
King of men, I know thee now;  
Mightiest of a mighty line——

## ODIN.

No boding Maid of skill divine  
Art thou, nor prophetess of good;  
But mother of the giant-brood!

## PROPHETESS.

Hie thee hence, and boast at home,  
That never shall inquirer come  
To break my iron-sleep again;  
Till Lok<sup>24</sup> has burst his tenfold chain;  
Never, till substantial Night  
Has reassum'd her ancient right;  
Till wrapt in flames, in ruin hurl'd,  
Sinks the fabric of the world.



## THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.\*

A FRAGMENT.

FROM THE WELSH.

OWEN's praise demands my song,  
 Owen swift, and Owen strong;  
 Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,  
 Gwineth's<sup>b</sup> shield, and Britain's gem.  
 He nor heaps his brooded stores,  
 Nor on all profusely pours;  
 Lord of every regal art,  
 Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,  
 Squadrons three against him came;  
 This the force of Eirin hiding,  
 Side by side as proudly riding,  
 On her shadow long and gay  
 Lochlin<sup>c</sup> ploughs the wat'ry way;  
 There the Norman sails afar  
 Catch the winds and join the war:  
 Black and huge along they sweep,  
 Burdens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands  
 The dragon-son of Mona stands;<sup>d</sup>  
 In glittering arms and glory dress'd,  
 High he rears his ruby crest.

\* From Mr Evans's Specimens of the Welsh Poetry; London, 1764, quarto. Owen succeeded his father Griffin in the principality of North Wales, A.D. 1120. This battle was fought near forty years afterwards.

<sup>b</sup> North Wales.

<sup>c</sup> Denmark.

<sup>d</sup> The red Dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which descendants bore on their banners.

There the thundering strokes begin,  
 There the press, and there the din ;  
 Talymalfra's rocky shore  
 Echoing to the battle's roar.  
 Check'd by the torrent-tide of blood,  
 Backward Menai rolls his flood ;  
 While, heap'd his master's feet around,  
 Prostrate warriors gnaw the ground.  
 Where his glowing eye-balls turn,  
 Thousand banners round him burn ;  
 Where he points his purple spear,  
 Hasty, hasty Rout is there ;  
 Marking with indignant eye  
 Fear to stop, and Shame to fly.  
 There Confusion, Terror's child,  
 Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,  
 Agony, that pants for breath,  
 Despair and honourable Death.

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE DEATH OF HOEL.\*

HAD I but the torrent's might,  
 With headlong rage and wild affright  
 Upon Deira's squadrons hurl'd  
 To rush and sweep them from the world !  
 Too, too secure in youthful pride,  
 By them, my friend, my Hoel died,  
 Great Cian's son : of Madoc old  
 He ask'd no heaps of hoarded gold ;  
 Alone in Nature's wealth array'd,  
 He ask'd and had the lovely Maid.

\* From the Welsh of Aneurim, styled the Monarch of the Bards. He flourished about the time of Talliessin, A. D. 570. This Ode is extracted from the Gododin.—See *Mr. Evans's Specimens*, pp. 71 and 73.

To Cattraeth's vale in glittering row:  
 Twice two hundred warriors go:  
 Every warrior's manly neck  
 Chains of regal honour deck,  
 Wreath'd in many a golden link:  
 From the golden cup they drink  
 Nectar, that the bees produce,  
 Or the grape's ecstatic juice.  
 Flush'd with mirth and hope they burn:  
 But none from Cattraeth's vale return,  
 Save Aäron brave, and Conan strong,  
 (Bursting through the bloody throng)  
 And I, the meanest of them all,  
 That live to weep and sing their fall.

### A LONG STORY.\*

In Britain's isle, no matter where,  
 An ancient pile of building stands:  
 The Huntingdons and Hattons there  
 Employ'd the power of fairy hands,  
 To raise the ceilings' fretted height,  
 Each panel in achievements clothing,  
 Rich windows that exclude the light,  
 And passages, that lead to nothing.  
 Full oft within the spacious walls,  
 When he had fifty winters o'er him,  
 My grave Lord-Keeper led the brawls;<sup>b</sup>  
 The seals and maces danc'd before him.

\* The Mansion House, at Stoke-Poges, then in the possession of Viscountess Cobham. The house formerly belonged to the Earls of Huntingdon, and the family of Hatton.

<sup>b</sup> Sir Christopher Hatton, promoted by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful person and fine dancing.—Brawls, were a sort of figure-dance, then in vogue.

His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,  
 His high-crown'd hat, and satin doublet,  
 Mov'd the stout heart of England's Queen,  
 Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

What, in the very first beginning!  
 Shame of the versifying tribe!  
 Your history whither are you spinning!  
 Can you do nothing but describe?

A house there is (and that's enough)  
 From whence one fatal morning issues  
 A brace of warriors, not in buff,  
 But rustling in their silks and tissues.

The first came cap-a-pee from France,  
 Her conquering destiny fulfilling,  
 Whom meaner beauties eye askance,  
 And vainly ape her art of killing.

The other Amazon kind heav'n  
 Had arm'd with spirit, wit, and satire:  
 But Cobham had the polish giv'n,  
 And tipp'd her arrows with good nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her air——  
 Coarse panegyrics would but tease her,  
 Melissa is her *Nom de Guerre*.  
 Alas, who would not wish to please her!

With bonnet blue and capuchine,  
 And aprons long, they hid their armour;  
 And veil'd their weapons, bright and keen,  
 In pity to the country farmer.

Fame, in the shape of Mr. P—t,<sup>ss</sup>  
 (By this time all the parish know it)  
 Had told that thereabouts there lurk'd  
 A wicked imp, they call a Peet:

Who prowld the country far and near,  
 Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,

Dried up the cows, and lam'd the deer,  
And suck'd the eggs, and kill'd the pheasants.

My Lady heard their joint petition,  
Swore by her coronet and ermine,  
She'd issue out her high commission  
To rid the manor of such vermin.

The Heroines undertook the task,  
Through lanes unknown, o'er stiles they ventur'd,

Rapp'd at the door, nor stay'd to ask,  
But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

The trembling family they daunt,  
They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle,  
Rummage his mother, pinch his aunt,  
And upstairs in a whirlwind rattle :

Each hole and cupboard they explore,  
Each creek and cranny of his chamber,  
Run hurry-scurry round the floor,  
And o'er the bed and tester clamber ;

Into the drawers and china pry,  
Papers and books, a huge imbroglío !  
Under a tea-cup he might lie,  
Or creased, like dog's-ears, in a folio.

On the first marching of the troops,  
The Muses, hopeless of his pardon,  
Convey'd him underneath their hoops  
To a small closet in the garden.

So Rumour says : (who will, believe ?)  
But that they left the door a-jar,  
Where, safe and laughing in his sleeve,  
He heard the distant din of war.

Short was his joy. He little knew  
The power of magic was no fable ;  
Out of the window, whisk, they flew,  
But left a spell upon the table.

The words too eager to unriddle,  
The Poet felt a strange disorder ;  
Transparent bird-lime form'd the middle,  
And chains invisible the border.

So cunning was the apparatus,  
The powerful pot-hooks did so move him,  
That, will he, nill he, to the Great House  
He went, as if the Devil drove him.

Yet on his way (no sign of grace,  
For folks in fear are apt to pray)  
To Phœbus he preferr'd his case,  
And begg'd his aid that dreadful day.

The Godhead would have back'd his quarrel ;  
But with a blush, on recollection,  
Own'd that his quiver and his laurel  
'Gainst four such eyes were no protection.

The Court was sate, the Culprit there,  
Forth from their gloomy mansions creeping,  
The Lady Janes and Joans repair,  
And from the gallery stand peeping :

Such as in silence of the night  
Come (sweep) along some winding entry,  
(Styack<sup>c</sup> has often seen the sight)  
Or at the chapel-door stand sentry :

In peaked hoods and mantles tarnish'd,  
Sour visages, enough to scare ye,  
High dames of honour once, that garnish'd  
The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary.

The Peeress comes. The audience stare,  
And doff their hats with due submission :  
She curtsies, as she takes the chair,  
To all the people of condition.

• The Housekeeper.

The Bard, with many an artful fib,  
 Had in imagination fene'd him,  
 Disprov'd the arguments of Squib,  
 And all that Groom\* could urge against him;

But soon his rhetoric forsook him,  
 When he the solemn hall had seen;  
 A sudden fit of ague shook him,  
 He stood as mute as poor Macleana.†

Yet something he was heard to mutter,  
 "How in the park beneath an old tree,  
 (Without design to hurt the butter,  
 Or any malice to the poultry,)

"He once or twice had penn'd a sennet;  
 Yet hop'd, that he might save his bacon:  
 Numbers would give their oaths upon it,  
 He ne'er was for a conjurer taken."

The ghostly prudes, with hagg'd face,  
 Already had condemn'd the sinner.  
 My Lady rose, and with a grace——  
 She smil'd, and bid him come to dinner.

"Jesu-Maria! Madam Bridget,  
 Why, what can the Viscountess mean?  
 (Cried the square-hoods in woful fidget)  
 The times are alter'd quite and clean!

"Decorum's turn'd to mere civility;  
 Her air and all her manners show it.  
 Commend me to her affability!  
 Speak to a Commoner and Poet!"

[*Here 500 Stanzas are lost.*]

And so God save our noble King,  
 And guard us from long-winded lubbers,  
 That to eternity would sing,  
 And keep my Lady from her rubbers.

\* The Steward.

\* Groom of the Chamber.

† A famous highwayman, hanged the week before.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,\*  
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.  
 Now fades the glimmering landscape on the  
 sight,  
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.  
 Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
 The moping owl does to the moon complain  
 Of such, as wandering near her secret bower,  
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.  
 Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering  
 heap,  
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
 The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.  
 The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built  
 shed,  
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.  
 For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care:  
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

\* ——— squilla di lontano

She pisa 'l giorne pianger, she si muore.

Dante, *Purgat.* l. 2.



Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their harrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke !  
How jocund did they drive their team afield !  
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy  
stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;  
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike th' inevitable hour.  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,  
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted  
vault  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?  
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire :  
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre :

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page  
Rich with the spoils of Time did ne'er unroll ;  
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless  
breast,

The little tyrant of his fields withstood,  
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes con-  
fin'd;

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,  
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;  
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture  
deck'd,

Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd  
Muse,

The place of fame and elegy supply:  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,



"The next with dirges due in sad array  
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him  
 borne,—  
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,  
 Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.<sup>29</sup>

~~Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth~~  
 A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown:  
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,  
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.  
 Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
 Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:  
 He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear,  
 He gain'd from Heaven: ('twas all he wish'd) a  
 friend.  
 No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
 (There they alike in trembling<sup>d</sup> hope repose,)  
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

\* ——— parenthesis spene.

Petrarch, Son. 114.

## POSTHUMOUS POEMS & FRAGMENTS.

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### ODE

#### ON THE PLEASURE ARISING FROM VICISSITUDE.\*

Now the golden Morn aloft  
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,  
With vermeil cheek and whisper soft  
She woos the tardy Spring :  
Till April starts, and calls around  
The sleeping fragrance from the ground ;  
And lightly o'er the living scene  
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,  
Frisking ply their feeble feet ;  
Forgetful of their wintry trance  
The birds his presence greet :  
But chief, the sky-lark warbles high  
His trembling thrilling ecstasy ;  
And, lessening from the dazzled sight,  
Melts into air and liquid light.

Rise, my Soul ! on wings of fire,  
Rise the rapturous choir among ;  
Hark ! 'tis Nature strikes the lyre,  
And leads the general song :  
[Warm let the lyric transport flow,  
Warm, as the ray that bids it glow ;  
And animates the vernal grove  
With health, with harmony, and love.]

\* Left unfinished by Mr. Gray : with additions, in brackets, by Mr. Mason. The first idea of this Ode was taken from M. Gresset's 'Epître à ma Sœur.'

Yesterday the sullen year  
     Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;  
 Mute was the music of the air,  
     The herd stood drooping by:  
 Their raptures now that wildly flow,  
 No yesterday, nor morrow know;  
 'Tis Man alone that joy describes  
 With forward and reverted eyes.  
 Smiles on past Misfortune's brow  
     Soft Reflection's hand can trace;  
 And o'er the cheek of Sorrow throw  
     A melancholy grace;  
 While Hope prolongs our happier hour,  
 Or deepest shades, that dimly lower  
 And blacken round our weary way,  
 Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy Pleasure leads,  
     See a kindred Grief pursue;  
 Behind the steps that Misery treads  
     Approaching Comfort view:  
 The hues of bliss more brightly glow;  
 Chastis'd by sabler tints of woe;  
 And blended form, with artful strife,  
 The strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch, that long has tost  
     On the thorny bed of pain,  
 At length repair his vigour lost,  
     And breathe, and walk again:  
 The meanest floweret of the vale,  
 The simplest note that swells the gale,  
 The common sun, the air, the skies,  
 To Him are opening Paradise.

Humble Quiet builds her cell  
     Near the source whence Pleasure flows;  
 She eyes the clear crystalline well,  
     And tastes it as it goes.

[While far below the maddening crowd  
Rush headlong to the dangerous flood,]  
Where broad and turbulent it sweeps,  
And perish in the boundless deeps.

Mark where Indolence, and Pride,  
[Sooth'd by Flattery's tinkling sound,]  
Go, softly rolling, side by side,  
Their dull, but daily round :

[To these, if Hebe's self should bring  
The purest cup from Pleasure's spring,  
Say, can they taste the flavour high  
Of sober, simple, genuine Joy ?

Mark Ambition's march sublime  
Up to Power's meridian height ;  
While pale-ey'd Envy sees him climb,  
And sickens at the sight.  
Phantoms of Danger, Death, and Dread,  
Float hourly round Ambition's head ;  
While Spleen, within his rival's breast,  
Sits brooding on her scorpion nest.

Happier he, the Peasant, far,  
From the pangs of Passion free,  
That breathes the keen yet wholesome air  
Of rugged Penury.

He, when his morning task is done,  
Can slumber in the noontide sun ;  
And hie him home, at evening's close,  
To sweet repast, and calm repose.

He, unconscious whence the bliss,  
Feels, and owns in carols rude,  
That all the circling joys are his,  
Of dear Vicissitude.

From toil he wins his spirits light,  
From busy day, the peaceful night ;  
Rich, from the very want of wealth,  
In Heav'n's best treasures Peace and Health.]

AN IMITATION FROM THE GODODIN.<sup>a</sup>

HAVE ye seen the snaky Boar,  
 Or the Bull with sullen roar,  
 On surrounding foes advance?  
 So Caradoc bore his lance.  
 Conan's name, my lay, rehearse,  
 Build to him the lofty verse,  
 Sacred tribute of the Bard,  
 Verse, the Hero's sole reward!  
 As the flame's devouring force;  
 As the whirlwind in its course;  
 As the thunder's fiery stroke  
 Glancing on the shiver'd oak;  
 Did the sword of Conan mow  
 The crimson harvest of the foe.

---

 TRANSLATION OF A PASSAGE FROM  
 STATIUS.<sup>b</sup>

THIRD in the labours of the Disc came on,  
 With sturdy step and slow, Hippomedon;  
 Artful and strong, he pois'd the well-known  
 weight,  
 By Phlegyas warn'd, and fir'd by Mnestheus'  
 fate,  
 That to avoid, and this to emulate.  
 His vigorous arm he try'd before he flung,  
 Rous'd all his nerves, and every sinew strung;

See "The Death of Hoel," p. 217.

<sup>b</sup> This was made by Mr. Gray while at Cambridge, in the year 1786, and at the age of twenty. Mr. Mason expressed his belief that it was Gray's first attempt in English Verse.



Then, with a tempest's whirl, and wary eye,  
 Pursu'd his cast, and hurl'd the orb on high:  
 The orb on high, tenacious of its course,  
 True to the mighty arm that gave it force,  
 Far overleaps all bound, and joys to see  
 Its ancient lord secure of victory.  
 The theatre's green height and woody wall  
 Tremble ere it precipitates its fall;  
 The ponderous mass sinks in the cleaving ground,  
 While vales and woods and echoing hills rebound,  
 As when from *Ætna's* smoking summit broke,  
 The eyeless Cyclops heav'd the craggy rock;  
 Where ocean frets beneath the dashing oar,  
 And parting surges round the vessel roar:  
 'Twas there he aim'd the meditated harm,  
 And scarce Ulysses scap'd his giant arm.  
 A tiger's pride the victor bore away,  
 With native sports and artful labour gay,  
 A shining border round the margin roll'd,  
 And calmed the terrors of his claws in gold.

---

## HYMN TO IGNORANCE.

### A FRAGMENT.\*

HAIL, horrors, hail! ye ever gloomy bowers,  
 Ye gothic fanes, and antiquated towers,  
 Where rushy Camus' slowly-winding flood  
 Perpetual draws his humid train of mud:  
 Glad I revisit thy neglected reign,  
 Oh, take me to thy peaceful shade again!  
 But chiefly thee, whose influence breath'd from  
 high,  
 Augments the native darkness of the sky;

\* This is supposed to have been written about the year 1742, the time when Mr. Gray returned to Cambridge.

Ah, Ignorance! soft salutary Power!  
 Prostrate with filial reverence I adore.  
 Thrice hath Hyperion roll'd his annual race,  
 Since weeping I forsook thy fond embrace.  
 Oh say, successful dost thou still oppose  
 Thy leaden ægis 'gainst our ancient foes?  
 Still stretch, tenacious of thy right divine,  
 The massy sceptre o'er thy slumbering line?  
 And dews Lethean through the land dispense  
 To steep in slumbers each benighted sense!  
 If any spark of wit's delusive ray  
 Break out, and flash a momentary day,  
 With damp, cold touch forbid it to aspire,  
 And huddle up in fogs the dangerous fire.

Oh say—she hears me not, but, careless grown,  
 Lethargic nods upon her ebon throne.  
 Goddess! awake, arise, alas my fears!  
 Can powers immortal feel the force of years?  
 Not thus of old, with ensigns wide unfurl'd,  
 She rode triumphant o'er the vanquish'd world;  
 Fierce nations own'd her unresisted might,  
 And all was Ignorance and all was Night.

Oh! sacred ages! Oh! times for ever lost!  
 (The Schoolman's glory, and the Churchman's  
 boast.)

For ever gone—yet still to Fancy new,  
 Her rapid wings the transient scene pursue,  
 And bring the buried ages back to view.

High on her car, behold the Grandam ride  
 Like old Sesostriis with barbaric pride;  
 \* \* \* a team of harness'd monarchs bend

• • • • •

# THE ALLIANCE OF EDUCATION AND GOVERNMENT.

A FRAGMENT.

ESSAY I.

— Ποταγέω γὰρ τὰς καρπούδων

Οὐτι πῶς ἄιδαν γέρον ἐκλαδόντα φυλάξας.

THEOCRITUS.

As sickly plants betray a rugged earth,  
Whose barren bosom starves her generous birth,  
Nor genial warmth, nor genial juice retains,  
Their roots to feed, and fill their verdant veins;  
And as in climes, where Winter holds his reign,  
The soil, though fertile, will not teem in vain,  
Forbids her gems to swell, her shades to rise,  
Nor trusts her blossoms to the churlish skies:  
So draw mankind in vain the vital airs,  
Unfriend'd, by those kindly cares,  
That health and vigour to the soul impart,  
Spread the young thought, and warm the opening heart:

So fond instruction on the growing powers  
Of nature idly lavishes her stores,  
If equal Justice with unclouded face  
Smile not indulgent on the rising race,  
And scatter with a free, though frugal hand,  
Light golden showers of plenty o'er the land:  
But Tyranny has fix'd her empire there,  
To check their tender hopes with chilling fear,  
And blast the blooming promise of the year.

This spacious animated scene survey,  
From where the rolling orb, that gives the day,  
His sable sons with nearer course surrounds  
To either pole, and life's remotest bounds.  
How rude soe'er the exterior form we find,  
'Er opinion tinge the varied mind,

Alike to all, the kind, impartial Heav'n  
 The sparks of truth and happiness has giv'n:  
 With sense to feel, with memory to retain,  
 They follow pleasure, and they fly from pain:  
 Their judgment mends the plan their fancy draws,  
 The event presages, and explores the cause;  
 The soft returns of gratitude they know;  
 By fraud elude, by force repel the foe:  
 While mutual wishes, mutual woes endear  
 The social smile and sympathetic tear.

Say, then, through ages by what fate confin'd  
 To different climes seem different souls assign'd?  
 Here measur'd laws and philosophic ease  
 Fix, and improve the polish'd arts of peace;  
 There industry and gain their vigils keep,  
 Command the winds, and tame the unwilling  
 deep:

Here force and hardy deeds of blood prevail;  
 There languid pleasure sighs in every gale.  
 Oft o'er the trembling nations from afar  
 Has Scythia breath'd the living cloud of war;  
 And, where the deluge burst, with sweepy sway  
 Their arms, their kings, their gods, were roll'd  
 away.

As oft have issued, host impelling host,  
 The Blue-eyed myriads from the Baltic coast.  
 The prostrate South to the Destroyer yields  
 Her boasted titles, and her golden fields:  
 With grim delight the brood of winter view  
 A brighter day, and heavens of azure hue:  
 Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose,  
 And quaff the pendent vintage as it grows.  
 Proud of the yoke, and pliant to the rod,  
 Why yet does Asia dread a monarch's nod,  
 While European freedom still withstands  
 The encroaching tide that drowns her lessening  
 lands;

And sees far off, with an indignant groan,  
Her native plains and empires once her own ?  
Can opener skies and suns of fiercer flame  
O'erpower the fire that animates our frame ;  
As lamps, that shed at eve a cheerful ray,  
Fade and expire beneath the eye of day ?  
Need we the influence of the Northern Star  
To string our nerves and steel our hearts to war ?  
And, where the face of Nature laughs around,  
Must sick'ning Virtue fly the tainted ground ?  
Unmanly thought ! what seasons can control  
What fancied zone can circumscribe the soul,  
Who, conscious of the source from whence she  
springs,

By Reason's light, on Resolution's wings,  
Spite of her frail companion, dauntless goes  
O'er Lybia's deserts, and through Zembla's  
snows ?

She bids each slumbering energy awake,  
Another touch, another temper take,  
Suspends the inferior laws that rule our clay ;  
The stubborn elements confess her sway ;  
Their little wants, their low desires, refine,  
And raise the mortal to a height divine.

Not but the human fabric from the birth.  
Imbibes a flavour of its parent earth :  
As various tracks enforce a various toil,  
The manners speak the idiom of their soil.  
An iron race the mountain cliffs maintain,  
Foes to the gentler genius of the plain :  
For where unwearied sinews must be found  
With side-long plough to quell the flinty ground,  
To turn the torrent's swift-descending flood,  
To brave the savage rushing from the wood,  
What wonder, if, to patient valour train'd,  
They guard with spirit what by strength they  
gain'd ?

And while their rocky ramparts round they see,  
 The rough abode of want and liberty,  
 (As lawless force from confidence will grow)  
 Insult the plenty of the vales below?  
 What wonder, in the sultry climes, that spread  
 Where Nile redundant o'er his summer-bed  
 From his broad bosom life and verdure flings,  
 And broods o'er Egypt with his watery wings,  
 If with adventurous oar and ready sail  
 The dusky people drive before the gale;  
 Or on frail floats to neighbouring cities ride,  
 That rise and glitter o'er the ambient tide.

\* \* \* \* \*

### SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF MR. RICHARD WEST.\*

IN vain to me the smiling Mornings shine,  
 And redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire!  
 The birds in vain their amorous descant join;  
 Or cheerful fields resume their green attire:  
 These ears, alas! for other notes repine,  
 A different object do these eyes require:  
 My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;  
 And in my breast th' imperfect joys expire.  
 Yet Morning smiles the busy race to cheer,  
 And new-born pleasures bring to happier men:  
 The fields to all their wonted tribute bear:  
 To warm their little loves the birds complain:  
 I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,  
 And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

\* Only son of the Right Hon. Richard West, Lord Chancellor of Ireland. He died, June 1, 1742, in the 26th year of his age.

## EPITAPH

ON MRS. CLARKE.\*

Lo! where this silent marble weeps,  
 A Friend, a Wife, a Mother sleeps:  
 A heart within whose sacred cell  
 The peaceful Virtues lov'd to dwell.  
 Affection warm, and Faith sincere,  
 And soft Humanity were there.  
 In agony, in death resign'd,  
 She felt the wound she left behind.  
 Her infant Image here below  
 Sits smiling on a Father's woe:  
 Whom what awaits, while yet he strays  
 Along the lonely vale of days?  
 A pang, to secret sorrow dear;  
 A sigh; an unavailing tear;  
 Till Time shall every grief remove,  
 With life, with memory, and with love.

EPITAPH<sup>2</sup>

ON SIR WILLIAM PIERRE WILLIAMS,

CAPTAIN IN BURGOINE'S DRAGOONS.

HERE, foremost in the dangerous paths of fame,  
 Young Williams fought for England's fair  
 renown;  
 His mind each Muse, each Grace adorn'd his  
 frame,  
 Nor Envy dar'd to view him with a frown.

\* The wife of Dr. Clarke, physician at Epsom, died April 27, 1757, and is buried in the church of Beckenham, Kent.

At Aix, his valiant sword he drew,\*\*

There first in blood his infant honour seal'd;  
From fortune, pleasure, science, love he flew,  
And scorn'd repose when Britain took the  
field.

With eyes of flame, and cool undaunted breast,  
Victor he stood on Bellisle's rocky steeps—  
Ah, gallant youth! this marble tells the rest,  
Where melancholy Friendship bends and  
weeps.

---

## STANZAS TO MR. BENTLEY.\*

## A FRAGMENT.

In silent gaze the tuneful choir among,  
Half pleas'd, half blushing, let the Muse  
admire,

While Bentley leads her Sister-Art along,  
And bids the pencil answer to the lyre.

See, in their course, each transitory thought  
Fix'd by his touch a lasting essence take;  
Each dream, in Fancy's airy colouring wrought,  
To local symmetry and life awake!

The tardy rhymes that us'd to linger on,  
To censure cold, and negligent of fame,  
In swifter measures animated run,  
And catch a lustre from his genuine flame.

Ah! could they catch his strength, his easy grace,  
His quick creation, his unerring line;

\* In the expedition to Aix, he was on board the Magnanime, with Lord Howe; and was deputed to receive the capitulation.

\* Mr. Bentley had made a set of designs for Mr. Gray's poems.



The energy of Pope they might efface,  
And Dryden's harmony submit to mine.

But not to one in this benighted age  
Is that diviner inspiration giv'n;  
That burns in Shakspeare's or in Milton's page,  
The pomp and prodigality of heav'n:

As when conspiring in the diamond's blaze,  
The meaner gems, that singly charm the sight,  
Together dart their intermingled rays,  
And dazzle with a luxury of light.

Enough for me, if to some feeling breast  
My lines a secret sympathy *impart*;  
And as their pleasing influence *flows confess'd*,  
A sigh of soft reflection *heave the heart*.<sup>b</sup>

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### SONG.\*

THYRSIS, when he left me, swore  
In the Spring he would return—  
Ah! what means the opening flower!  
And the bud that decks the thorn!  
'Twas the nightingale that sung!  
'Twas the lark that upward sprung!

Idle notes! untimely green!  
Why such unavailing haste?  
Gentle gales and sky serene  
Prove not always Winter past.  
Cease, my doubts, my fears to move,  
Spare the honour of my love.

<sup>b</sup> The words in *italic* were supplied by Mr. Mason.

\* Written, at the request of Miss Speed, to an old air of Geminiani: the thought from the French.

AMATORY LINES.<sup>a</sup>

WITH Beauty, with Pleasure surrounded, to languish—  
 To weep without knowing the cause of my anguish:  
 To start from short slumbers, and wish for the morning;  
 To close my dull eyes when I see it returning;  
 Sighs sudden and frequent, looks ever dejected,  
 Words that steal from my tongue, by no meaning connected!—  
 Ah, say, fellow-swains, how these symptoms befel me?  
 They smile, but reply not—Sure DELIA CAN TELL ME!

---

TOPHET.<sup>b</sup>

## AN EPIGRAM.

THUS Tophet look'd; so grinn'd the brawling fiend,  
 Whilst frighted prelates bow'd, and call'd him friend.  
 Our mother-church, with half-averted sight,  
 Blush'd as she bless'd her grisly proselyte;  
 Hosannas rung through Hell's tremendous borders,  
 And Satan's self had thoughts of taking orders.

<sup>a</sup> This jeu d'esprit was found among the MSS. of Gray, and printed in a note in the second volume of Warton's edition of Pope.

<sup>b</sup> Mr. Etough, of Cambridge University, the person satirized, was as remarkable for the eccentricities of his character as for his personal appearance. A M

## IMPROMPTU,

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW, IN 1766, OF THE SEAT  
AND RUINS OF A DECEASED NOBLEMAN,  
AT KINGSGATE, KENT.

OLD, and abandon'd by each venal friend,  
Here H——d form'd the pious resolution  
To smuggle a few years, and strive to mend  
A broken character and constitution.

On this congenial spot he fix'd his choice :  
Earl Goodwin trembled for his neighbouring  
sand ;

Here sea-gulls scream, and cormorants rejoice  
And mariners, though shipwreck'd, dread to  
land.

Here reign the blustering North and blighting  
East,

No tree is heard to whisper, bird to sing ;  
Yet Nature could not furnish out the feast,  
Art he invokes new horrors still to bring.

Here mouldering fanes and battlements arise,  
Turrets and arches nodding to their fall,  
Unpeopled monast'ries delude our eyes,  
And mimic desolation covers all.

"Ah!" said the sighing peer, "had B—te been  
true,  
Nor M—'s, R—'s, B—'s friendship vain,

Tyson, of Benet College, made an etching of his head, and presented it to Mr. Gray, who embellished it with the above lines. Some information respecting Mr. Etough (who was rector of Therfield, Herts, and of Colmworth, Bedfordshire), may be found in the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. lvi. pp. 25, 281.

Far better scenes than these had bless'd our view,  
 And realiz'd the beauties which we feign:  
 "Purg'd by the sword, and purified by fire,  
 Then had we seen proud London's hated walls:  
 Owls would have hooted in St. Peter's choir,  
 And foxes stunk and litter'd in St. Paul's."

---

 THE CANDIDATE:

OR, THE CAMBRIDGE COURTSHIP.\*

WHEN sly Jemmy Twitcher had smugg'd up his  
 face,  
 With a lick of court white-wash, and pious  
 grimace,  
 A wooing he went, where three sisters of old  
 In harmless society guttle and scold,

"Lord! sister," says PHYSIC to LAW, "I  
 declare,  
 Such a sheep-biting look, such a pick-pocket air!  
 Not I for the Indies:—You know I'm no prude—  
 But his name is a shame,—and his eyes are so  
 lewd!  
 Then he shambles and straddles so oddly—I  
 fear—  
 No—at our time of life 'twould be silly, my  
 dear."

"I don't know," says LAW, "but methinks for  
 his look  
 'Tis just like the picture in Rochester's book;

\* This tart lampoon was written a short time previous to the election of a high steward of the University of Cambridge, for which office the noble lord alluded to made an active canvass.

*Wm John Sub of Sarsfield*

Then his character, PHYZZY,—his morals—his  
life—

When she died, I can't tell, but he once had a  
wife.

They say he's no Christian, loves drinking and  
w—g,

And all the town rings of his swearing and  
roaring!

His lying and filching, and Newgate-bird tricks;—  
Not I—for a coronet, chariot and six!"

DIVINITY heard, between waking and dozing,  
Her sisters denying, and Jemmy proposing:  
From table she rose, and with bumper in hand,  
She strok'd up her belly, and strok'd down her  
band—

"What a pother is here about wenching and  
roaring!

Why, David lov'd catches, and Solomon w—g:  
Did not Israel filch from the' Egyptians of old  
Their jewels of silver and jewels of gold?

The prophet of Bethel, we read, told a lie:  
He drinks—so did Noah;—he swears—so do I:  
To reject him for such peccadillos were odd;  
Besides, he repents—for he talks about G\*\*—

[To Jemmy]

Never hang down your head, you poor penitent  
elf,

Come buss me—I'll be Mrs. TWITCHER myself."

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

## SKETCH

OF HIS OWN CHARACTER.<sup>a</sup>

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune;

He had not the method of making a fortune:  
Could love and could hate, so was thought somewhat odd;

NO VERY GREAT WIT, HE BELIEV'D IN A GOD.  
A post or a pension he did not desire,  
But left Church and State to Charles Townshend  
and Squire.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> This was written in 1761, and found in one of Mr. Gray's pocket-books.

<sup>b</sup> At that time Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and afterwards Bishop of St. David's.

## NOTES.

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<sup>1</sup> Page 195.—*Awake, Æolian lyre, awake.*

AWAKE, my glory: awake, lute and harp.—*David's Psalms.*

Pindar styles his own poetry, with its musical accompaniments, Αἰολίς μολπή Αἰολίδες χορδαί, Αἰολιδῶν πνοαί, αὐλῶν, Æolian song, Æolian strings, the breath of the Æolian flute.

The subject and simile, as usual with Pindar, are here united. The various sources of poetry, which give life and lustre to all it touches, are here described; as well in its quiet majestic progress, enriching every subject (otherwise dry and barren) with all the pomp of diction, and luxuriant harmony of numbers, as in its more rapid and irresistible course, when swoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous passions.

<sup>2</sup> Page 197.—*Man's feeble race what ills await!*

To compensate the real or imaginary ills of life, the Muse was given us by the same Providence that sends the day, by its cheerful presence, to dispel the gloom and terrors of the night.

<sup>3</sup> Page 198.—*Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep.*

Progress of poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt had travelled in Italy, and formed their taste there. Spenser imitated the Italian writers, and Milton improved on them; but this school expired soon after the Restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted since.

\* Page 199.—*The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze.*

For the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels. And above the firmament that was over their heads, was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone. This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord. *Ezekiel*, i. 20, 26, 28.

\* Page 199.—*But ah ! 'tis heard no more——*

We have had in our language no other odes of the sublime kind, than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's day.

\* Page 199.—*That the Theban Eagle bear.*

Διὸς πρὸς ὀρνίχα θείον. Olymp. 2. Pindar compares himself to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it pursues its flight, regardless of their noise.

\* Page 200.

This Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.

The original argument of this Ode, as its author had set it down on one of the pages of his common-place book, was as follows: "The army of Edward I., as they march through a deep valley, are suddenly stopped by the appearance of a venerable figure seated on the summit of an inaccessible rock, who, with a voice more than human, reproaches the king with all the misery and desolation which he had brought on his country; foretels the misfortunes of the Norman race, and with prophetic spirit declares, that all his cruelty shall never extinguish the noble ardour of poetic genius in this island; and that men shall never be wanting to celebrate true virtue and valour in immortal strains, to expose vice and infamous pleasure, and boldly censure tyranny and oppression. His song ended, he precipitates himself from the mountain, and is swallowed up by the river that rolls at its foot."



\* Page 200.—*Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail.*

The hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion.

\* Page 200.—*Snowden's shaggy side.*

*Snowden* was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract which the Welsh themselves call *Craigian-eryri*: it included all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far as the river Conway.

<sup>10</sup> Page 201.—*Loose his beard, and hoary hair.*

The image was taken from a well-known picture of Raphael, representing the Supreme Being in the vision of Ezekiel. There are two of these paintings, both believed original, one at Florence, the other at Paris.

• <sup>11</sup> Page 201.

*The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.*

Camden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their aerie among the rocks of Snowden, which from thence (as some think) were named by the Welsh *Craigian eryri*, or the crags of the eagles. At this day (I am told) the highest point of Snowden is called *the Eagle's Nest*. That bird is certainly no stranger to this island, as the Scots, and the people of Cumberland, Westmoreland, &c., can testify: it even has built its nest in the Peak of Derbyshire. (See Willoughby's Ornithol. published by Ray.)

<sup>12</sup> Page 203.—*Fill high the sparkling bowl.*

Richard the Second, as we are told by Archbishop Scroop and the confederate Lords in their manifesto, by Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older writers, was starved to death. The story of his assassination, by Sir Piers of Exton, is of much later date.

<sup>13</sup> Page 204.—*'Ye towers of Julius.*

Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, &c., believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.

<sup>14</sup> Page 204.—*The bristled Boar.*

The silver boar was the badge of Richard the Third; whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of *the Boar*.

<sup>15</sup> Page 204.—*Half of thy heart we consecrate.*

Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her lord is well known. The monuments of his regret and sorrow for the loss of her are still to be seen at Northampton, Gaddington, Waltham, and other places.

<sup>16</sup> Page 204.

*No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.*

It was the common belief of the Welsh nation, that King Arthur was still alive in Fairy-land, and would return again to reign over Britain.

<sup>17</sup> Page 204.

*All-hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's issue, hail!*

Both Merlin and Thalliessin had prophesied, that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island; which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor.

<sup>18</sup> Page 205.

*Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face.*

Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, ambassador of Poland, says, "And thus she, lion-like rising, daunted the malapert orator no less with her stately port and majestic deporture, than with the tartnesse of her princelie checkes."

<sup>19</sup> Page 205.

*Hear from the grave, great Talliessin.*

Talliessin, chief of the Bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

<sup>20</sup> Page 207.—*And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn.*

Mary de Valentia, Countess of Pembroke, daughter of Guy de Chatillon, Comte de St. Paul in France; of whom tradition says, that her husband, Audemar de Valentia, Earl of Pembroke, was slain at a tournament on the day of his nuptials. She was the foundress of Pembroke College or Hall, under the name of Aula Mariæ de Valentia.

<sup>21</sup> Page 208.—*And princely Clare.*

Elizabeth de Burg, Countess of Clare, was wife of John de Burg, son and heir of the Earl of Ulster, and daughter of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, by Joan of Acres, daughter of Edward the First. Hence the poet gives her the epithet of *princely*. She founded Clare Hall.

<sup>22</sup> Page 210.

To be found in the *Orcades of Thormodus Torfæus*; Hafnise, 1697, folio: and also in Bartholinus.

*Vitt er orpit fyrir valfali, &c.*

In the eleventh century, Sigurd, Earl of the Orkney Islands, went with a fleet of ships and a considerable body of troops into Ireland, to the assistance of *Sictryg with the silken beard*, who was then making war on his father-in-law Brian, king of Dublin: the earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and Sictryg was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loss by the death of Brian, their king, who fell in the action. On Christmas-day (the day of the battle) a native of Caithness, in Scotland, saw at a distance a number of persons on horseback, riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to

follow them, till looking through an opening in the rocks he saw twelve gigantic figures, resembling women: they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove, they sung the dreadful song, *ante*, p. 210; which, when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped six to the north, and as many to the south. These were the Valkyriur, female divinities, servants of Odin (or Woden) in the Gothic Mythology. Their name signifies *Choosers of the slain*. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands; and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to Valkalla, the hall of Odin, or paradise of the brave; where they attended the banquet, and served the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.

<sup>23</sup> Page 212.—*To Hela's drear abode.*

*Niflheimr*, the hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old age, or by any other means than in battle. Over it presided Hela, the goddess of Death.

<sup>24</sup> Page 215.

*Till Lok has burst his tenfold chain.*

Lok is the Evil Being, who continues in chains till the *Twilight of the gods* approaches; when he shall break his bonds; the human race, the stars, and sun, shall disappear; the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies: even Odin himself, and his kindred deities, shall perish. For a further explanation of this mythology, see "Introduction à l'Histoire de Dannemarc, par Mons. Mallet," 1755, quarto; or rather a translation of it published in 1770, and intitled "Northern Antiquities;" in which some mistakes in the original are judiciously corrected.

## \* Page 218.

Mr. Gray's *Elegy* in a Country Church-Yard, before it appeared in print, was handed about in manuscript; and amongst other eminent personages who saw and admired it, was the Lady Cobham, who resided at the Mansion-house, at Stoke-Pogeis. The performance induced her to wish for the author's acquaintance; and Lady Schaub and Miss Speed, then at her house, undertook to effect it. These two ladies waited upon the author at his aunt's solitary mansion, where he at that time resided; and not finding him at home, they left their names and a billet. Mr Gray, surprised at such a compliment, returned the visit. And as the beginning of this acquaintance wore a little of the face of romance, he soon after gave a fanciful and pleasant account of it in the copy of verses which he entitled, "A Long Story."

\* Page 219.—*Fame, in the shape of Mr. P—t.*

The allusion here is to Mr. Robert Pultney, a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, who died of the small-pox, April, 1752, soon after the publication of the poem. He was a neighbour of Mr. Gray's, when the latter resided at Stoke.

\* Page 225.—*Far from, &c.*

Between this and the preceding stanza, in Mr. Gray's first MS. of the poem, were the four following:—

The thoughtless world to Majesty may bow,  
 Exalt the brave, and idolize success;  
 But more to innocence their safety owe,  
 Than Pow'r or Genius e'er conspir'd to bless.  
 And thou who, mindful of the' unhonour'd Dead,  
 Dost in these notes their artless tale relate,  
 By night and lonely contemplation led  
 To wander in the gloomy walks of fate:  
 Hark! how the sacred calm, that breathes around,  
 Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;  
 In still small accents whispering from the ground,  
 A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

No more, with reason and thyself at strife,  
 Give anxious cares and endless wishes room ;  
 But through the cool sequester'd vale of life  
 Pursue the silent tenour of thy doom.

And here the poem was originally intended to conclude, before the happy idea of the hoary-headed swain, &c., suggested itself to him.

28 Page 226.

*To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.*

Variation:—On the high brow of yonder hanging lawn.

After which, in the first manuscript, followed this stanza :

Him have we seen the greenwood side along,  
 While o'er the heath we hied, our labour done,  
 As the woodlark pip'd her farewell song,  
 With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun.

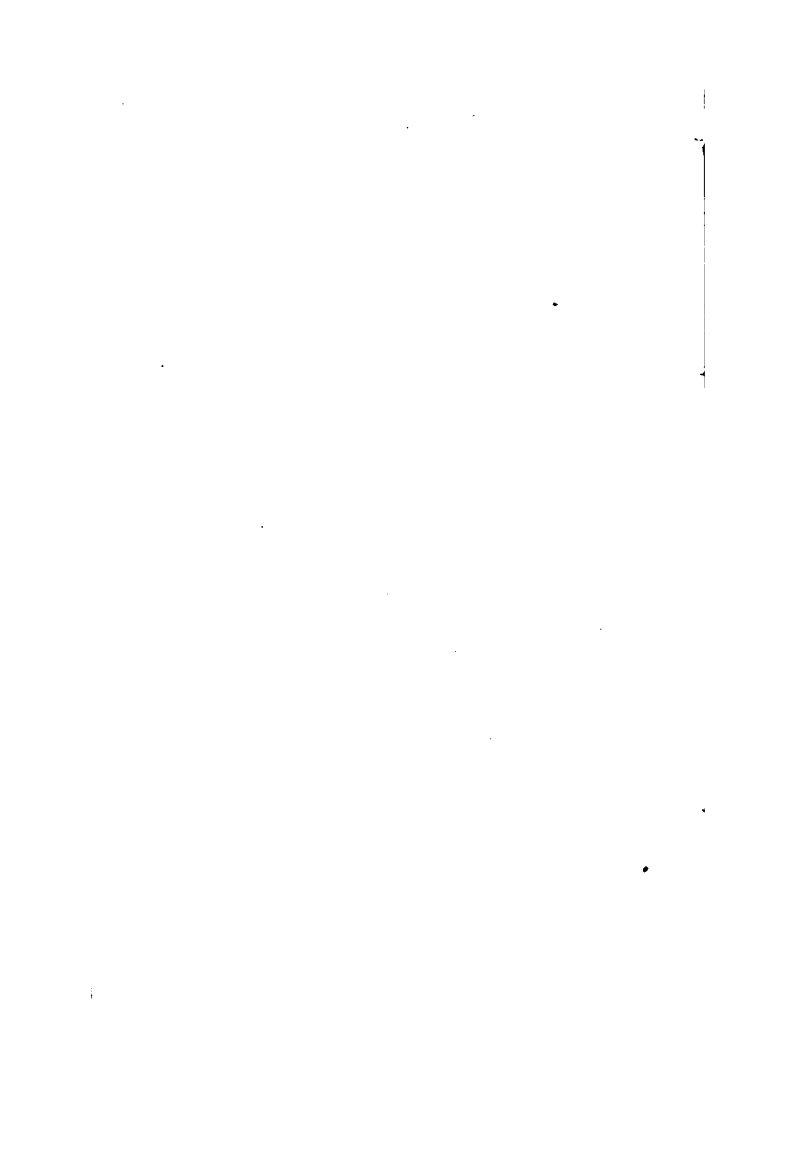
29 Page 227.

Before the epitaph, Mr. Gray originally inserted a very beautiful stanza, which was printed in some of the first editions, but afterwards omitted because he thought that it was too long a parenthesis in this place. The lines however are, in themselves, exquisitely fine, and demand preservation.

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,  
 By hands unseen are showers of violets found ;  
 The redbreast loves to build and warble there,  
 And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

30 Page 238.

This epitaph was written at the request of Mr. Frederick Montague, who intended to have inscribed it on a monument at Bellisle, at the siege of which this accomplished youth was killed, 1761, but from some difficulty attending the erection of it, this design was not executed.



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